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BEFORE CUTTY SARK WAS A WHISKY, IT WAS A CHASER.

Some people chase beer with whisky. Others prefer to do it the other way around. But how could you use a Cutty Sark to chase a man on horseback?

Robert Burns did it. First, he wrote about a farmer called Tam o'Shanter and his grey mare Meg. Then he had them ride past a church one miserable night while the premises were suspiciously bright and noisy.

To thicken the plot, Burns introduced a witch. He describes her as being young, beautiful and clad

only in a cutty sark (a short shirt, to the Scots of that century).

For sport, she would destroy crops, shoot cattle and lure ships onto the rocks.

But the night that Tam o'Shanter encountered her, she was dancing to the tune of Satan's bagpipes in Alloway church. Tam thought she made a lovely sight. Cutty Sark thought Tam would make a lovely corpse. So the chase was on. If he hadn't been astride his horse, he'd have

been done for. As it was, Cutty Sark pressed hard on their heels all the way to a nearby bridge. Safety lay on the other side, as witches can't cross running water.

But they can run fast enough to keep up with a galloping horse. An instant before Meg reached the bridge, Cutty Sark managed to pull off her tail.

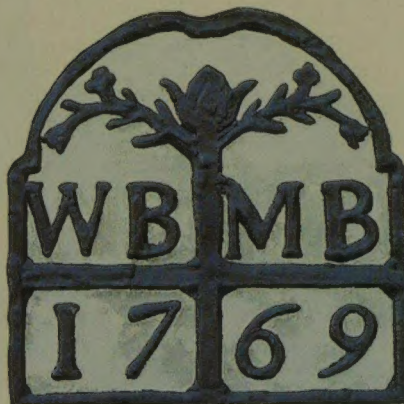
As for the whisky, it can still be a chaser. But all it can capture is your admiration.



CUTTY SARK THE REAL M'CROY.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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HIGHLIGHTS



GRISLY DINNER

Russell makes a meal of Byron and Shelley

Ken Russell's new film *Gothic* will bring the 30th London Film Festival, which starts on November 13, to a suitably climactic conclusion. The theme seems tailor-made for Russell's purple talents: a nightmarish, storm- and opium-ridden evening at Byron's Villa Diodati on the shores of Lac Lemán.

Who should come to dinner but the poet Shelley, his young lover Mary Godwin and her voluptuous half-sister Claire. Inspired by the ghost stories they tell each other, by the opium and the lightning, Byron suggests they hold a seance and try to bring their worst fears to life. The horror spirals accordingly, heightened by the tensions and jealousies of the group, and it proves a seminal evening. Mary Shelley goes on to write *Frankenstein*, while another guest, the foppish Dr Polidori, conceives his novel *The Vampire*.

Gothic was born as a screenplay by Stephen Volk, a London advertising copy writer fascinated by the archetypal and folkloric aspects of horror literature and movies. Virgin Films thought it perfect for Russell, who told us "Of all the scripts I've had, I've only felt comfortable with two, because they were written with a

visual concept in mind." (The other was his last film *Crimes of Passion*.)

Most of it was shot in a private house near London, though a few days were spent in the Lake District. "It was so foggy we might as well have been at the Serpentine," Russell recalled. Can we rely on it being over the top? "It's about right, I think, though I never know—people react in the opposite way to how I expect." The cast includes Gabriel Byrne as Byron, seen above with Timothy Spall as Dr Polidori, Julian Sands as Shelley and Natasha Richardson as Mary Shelley. "There is not a line of verse in the film," Russell promises.

The opening week of the film festival sees the premiere of Nicolas Roeg's *Castaway* and in the intervening fortnight some 150 films will be shown at 11 venues. These include, apart from the National Film Theatre, the ICA, the Barbican, the Queen Elizabeth Hall, the Lumière, the Prince Charles, and the Odeon and Empire cinemas, Leicester Square. As a preliminary, Westminster Arts Week is re-staging the entire first film festival, whose 15 films included such classics as Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*, Kurosawa's *Throne of Blood* and

Satyajit Ray's *The Unvanquished*. This year's is the last to be directed by *The Guardian's* critic Derek Malcolm.

Now that almost every tiny European resort has a film festival it is gratifying that the London event has established its seniority and seriousness. The 30th London Film Festival November 13-30. Tickets from the National Film Theatre (928 3232).



A Christmas carol commissioned by the *ILN* will be given its first performance in the Advent Service in Ely Cathedral at 6.30pm on November 30. Composed by David Matthews, it will be published in the *ILN's* Christmas Number. Ely Cathedral has recently launched a £4 million restoration appeal.



The man in the bat-like posture is Andrew Morris, left, one of Britain's most consistent gymnasts. He will be among those in action at Alexandra Pavilion on November 1 & 2 for the *Daily Mirror* National Championships. Two women worth watching are Lisa Eliot and Stephanie Micklam. A place in the team for next year's world championships is also at stake.

V & A's TREASURY



This early 14th-century English diptych will be one of the attractions of The Medieval Treasury, a completely refurbished gallery containing the Victoria & Albert Museum's finest pieces from the Middle Ages. Its opening on November 13 will mark the successful completion of the first of a series of such refurbishments intended to transform the face of the

rambling museum over the next 10 years.

The V & A has one of the richest collections of medieval art in the world, ranging from small Byzantine enamels and cameos to large stone sculptures and stained glass windows. The new gallery stands at the entrance, and is intended to make the strongest possible impact on visitors. It was designed by Paul Williams.

Clare Booth Luce, left, former editor of *Vanity Fair* and now 83, is expected to attend the first night of her play *The Women* at the Old Vic on November 20. Written 50 years ago, this comedy about New York society women has a cast of 18 actresses, including Susanah York, far left, and Diana Quick, centre.

The play was a success on Broadway and was performed in London in 1939. Mrs Luce became a prominent Congresswoman and ambassador.

SILENT DEBUT

The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir David Rowe-Ham, formally takes over the office at the traditional "Silent Change" in Guildhall, on November 7, and celebrates the occasion with plenty of noise during the Lord Mayor's show on the following day. The ritual of the admission of the new incumbent is conducted with typical City pomp but in total silence. The Chamberlain, Swordbearer, Remembrancer, Common Crier and Sergeant-at-Arms all make three reverences during their various presentations to the outgoing and incoming Lord Mayors before the two mark their transfer of office by exchanging seats.

David Rowe-Ham, 50, married with three sons, is a chartered accountant, at present a consultant to Touche-Rosse and a director of Lloyds Bank in the Greater London region. His choice of theme for the Lord Mayor's Show on November 8 is the Capital City, its attraction and its importance to the rest of the world. Three hours before the street pageant begins at 11am the new Lord Mayor will travel by decorated barge down river from Westminster to the Tower of London. In the evening at 5pm there will be a firework display from a barge moored opposite HMS *President* on the Victoria Embankment.



John Constable's *Flatford Lock and Mill*, discovered in the USA after being lost for 50 years, is described as the most important Constable to come on the market since 1951. It is expected to fetch more than £1 million at Christie's on November 21.

SMITH ROLES



DOUGLAS JEFFERY

At Oxford a quarter of a century ago there appeared in an OUDS production of *Twelfth Night* a very young and gravely delightful Viola from the Oxford Playhouse School. She did not arrive in the wider theatre as Maggie Smith—her own name, gallantly retained—until a West End revue, *Share My Lettuce* (1957). There she proved to be a mischievously alert and original comedienne with a wealth of descriptive gesture, a valuable attribute, which she has retained.

The girl from Ilford has become one of the most versatile actresses of her time. She has moved between Desdemona at the National to Olivier's *Othello*; parts in Strindberg and Ibsen; and as a Millamant in Congreve's *The Way of the World* (she is versed in Restoration comedy) of perfect languor, the eternal coquette: "I may by degrees dwindle into a wife." She is to appear in Cocteau's *The Infernal Machine* at the Lyric, Hammersmith—a restatement of the Oedipus theme that some recall as one of the young Peter Brook's earliest productions, for a London fringe theatre—and then, during January, in a new play, *Coming Into Land*, by Stephen Poliakoff, at the National.

Maggie Smith has prospered in high comedy from Beatrice in Zeffirelli's production of *Much Ado About Nothing* to the Benedick of her first husband, Robert Stephens, but she has also asserted her tragic quality as an applauded Cleopatra during a long Canadian stay at Stratford, Ontario. In 1970 she received the CBE. She is now married to the dramatist Beverley Cross.

J. C. TREWIN
The Infernal Machine opens November 4, Lyric, Hammersmith, King Street, W6 (741 2311 cc).

TOP KHANS



ALL SPORT

introduced to the game as ball boys after the British had built squash courts at Peshawar. Eventually they got to play themselves; and eventually they beat the world, all the more remarkably since there are four million squash players in Britain, and 10,000 in Pakistan.

The Khans like to put it down to blood. The name turns up again and again in the game's recent history. There are several families of Khans involved, some claiming a distant kinship: for all its overtones of chieftainship, Khan is a common if a proudly borne name in Pakistan, and implies no privileged birth.

In Pakistan squash, like cricket, can provide a route from poverty to wealth and fame for the exceptionally talented. Jahangir's father, Roshan, was rated the world number one after winning the British Open in 1956, yet he was once one of the country's legion of street-sleepers.

Many other Khans have gone into the game: Jahangir's brother Torsam was making his mark in world squash when he collapsed with a heart attack on court in Australia and died. Jahangir also has a distant cousinship with Hashim Khan and Azam Khan, earlier stars. His uncle Nasrullah was a great player, his cousin Rahmat became Jahangir's coach. "Most people do not have the advantage of being born a Khan," Jahangir says sympathetically. His own assets have proved overwhelming. He has not been beaten since April, 1981—and is still only 22. Aptly, his first name means "conqueror of the world". SIMON BARNES
Squash—Where Pakistan Leads the World, *Channel 4*, November 29, 7.30pm.

Squash has become the special preserve of the Khans of Pakistan. The world number one, the unbeatable Jahangir Khan, above, continues a tradition of Khan dominance of this English game, which was first played in an English prison and at Harrow School. These days no one dominates his sport to the extent that Jahangir Khan dominates squash.

As the squash season begins to roll again, and another year of Khan supremacy looks as inevitable as ever, Channel 4 is to show a programme on the Pakistani squash phenomenon on November 29.

Pakistanis (as they became) were first

The Norsemen ruled Orkney for 700 years. Then they pawned it for a princess's dowry and the islands' unique spirit came into its own.

It was 1468 and Europe was in turmoil. But King Christian I of Denmark was a realist.



The prosperous, strategically important Islands of Orkney were becoming

difficult to defend against the marauding Scots.

So although his Viking forebears had controlled the islands

gold was agreed. But in the absence of the full amount in cash, the Islands of Orkney were pledged, to be redeemed at some later date.

Yet they never were.

Time and again for the next three centuries, the Danes attempted to repossess the islands, while the canny Scots obstructed and prevaricated.

Only about 1750 did the Danes finally lose heart for the claim, however much they still coveted the islands' wealth.

In 1798 distilling was officially established on a hill just outside Kirkwall, from which the single malt whisky made there took its name: Highland Park.

To this day, the secret artistry which creates the unique character of Highland Park is as jealously guarded as ever, handed down from generation to succeeding generation.

For the Danes, however, knowing that the ancient traditions of Highland Park are so lovingly nurtured must be small consolation.



for over 700 years, the time had come for a tactical withdrawal on the best possible terms.

A treaty was drawn up under which Christian's daughter, Margaret, would marry James III of Scotland.

A dowry of 60,000 florins in

For they knew well that by then the Orcadians – an independent-minded community with as much Norse blood as Scots – had begun to distil a magical spirit from the simple local ingredients of malted barley, local spring water and Orkney peat.

But their loss is our gain.

And once you've tasted Highland Park, you'll know how much they're missing.



**HIGHLAND
PARK** ORKNEY

The single malt Scotch whisky from the Islands of Orkney.



JEREMY ALEXANDER

CASTLE IN AIR

The British have never been sure about tennis indoors. Though the International Lawn Tennis Federation became the ITF in 1977, Britain's governing body remains the LTA. The Benson & Hedges men's championships are therefore played at Wembley in the face of native prejudice. Wembley is football, occasionally boxing, at a pinch showjumping. Tennis is Wimbledon, as Wimbledon is tennis.

There is another handicap. Indoor tournaments with a small entry are so numerous that they have become humdrum. Sometimes they overlap and the stars must be shared; dilution is diminution. Few events get all the best players. Wembley, classified as a super-series, does better than many. It normally has seven of the top 10. For a decade it has

FIRST VIEWERS

PETER LENNON

How the BBC brought in the dancing dots

Fifty years ago, on November 2, 1936, the first regular television service from the BBC, and the first in the world, began transmission from Alexandra Palace in north London.

The miracle of dancing dots which could bring "the pictures" right into your parlour, that is if your parlour happened to be within 25 miles of the Ally Pally (though there were sightings up to 40 miles distance), was accomplished.

The public was solicitously shielded from having to grasp the arcane technicalities responsible for this marvel. "It is impossible to explain this miracle in language intelligible to the layman," a leader writer of *The Listener* declared.

The scene at the Ally Pally for the two hours of daily transmission (one hour of material repeated) was more homely. There were only two studios, 70 feet by 30 feet and 30 feet high, padded with

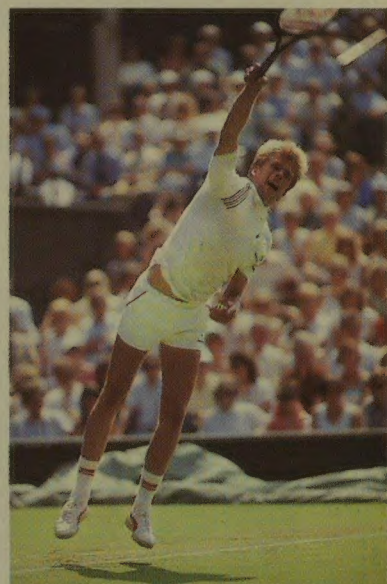
rubber, which were expected to accommodate up to eight different décors. The two camera crews each boasted one lighting engineer, one sound man, and four camera operators. To achieve a close-up the Emitron cameras, unlike a movie camera, were obliged to advance right up to the nostril of the usually petrified performer, a particularly unnerving experience since it was all live.

Initially two systems were used, the Selsdon Television Committee having decided that the Baird and Marconi-EMI systems should be operated on alternate days. The Baird used 240 lines repeating 25 times per second, which gave reasonable definition but was still flickery. The EMI system was 405 lines repeating 50 times per second. The extra repetitions took it outside the flicker zone, so there was no surprise when within three months the Baird system was dropped.

And what was to be viewed? The programme of November 3 began with a rousing display of Alsatian dogs from the Metropolitan and Essex Canine Society's Show. Then there were 10 brisk minutes of (bought in) British Movietone News before 14,000 parlours fell into reverential silence to listen to L. A. Stock, a bus driver, describe how he had made a model of Drake's ship, *The Golden Hind*.

Next they were told the time and the weather, ("unseasonable"). Finally came the treat of the night; Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon for 15 fabulous, flamboyant, flickering and shivering minutes. Alas, it was the night of the Baird System! The show ended with Spanish dancers.

The first outside broadcast for the 1937 Coronation had provided a huge boost for the box. Two years later the outbreak of war put the whole show in mothballs until 1946.



always had a decent champion, if McEnroe can be counted decent. He won five times in six years, losing once to Connors. Borg and Lendl are the only other winners. Last year Lendl beat Becker, a summit which is possible again. The entry is 32, of whom 25 are direct according to computer rankings, three are "wild cards" at the discretion of the organizers and four will qualify the previous weekend.

One of the wild cards is likely to be given to Andrew Castle, above. Ten years ago he was the British 12-and-under champion. This time last year he was unknown. After school at Millfield, not far from the family's council house in Taunton, he went to the University of Wichita, studying marketing on a tennis scholarship. In January, when he returned, he had no ranking. By Wimbledon he was No 285. In the second round he lost in three and three-quarter hours to Wilander, ranked No. 2. Castle was shattered but acclaimed. At 22 and 6 feet 3 inches, he remains Britain's great blond hope.

Benson & Hedges Tennis Championships, November 11-16, Wembley Arena, Middlesex (902 1234).

Richard Dunwoody, right, who won this year's Grand National on *West Tip*, is likely to be one of the young stars of the National Hunt season, which gets into its stride this month with two first-class steeplechases: the Mackeson Gold Cup at Cheltenham on November 8 and the Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup at Newbury on November 22.





This fine recent painting of the Queen by Michael Leonard is among portraits in many media spanning her 60 years, being shown at the National Portrait Gallery from November 14.

DOWN TO EARTH

"Mr Boyle should pursue professionally his obvious talent as a dustman," a critic once wrote. The Boyle family (Mark Boyle, Joan Hills and their children Georgia and Sebastian), whose jointly produced "earth sculptures" share the Hayward Gallery with Rodin's work from November 1, are used to abuse as well as honours like representing Britain at the Venice Biennale in 1978.

About the ingenuity of their picture-sized creations there can be no doubt. Is it, one wonders, an actual section of road, cliff, roof, crazy paving, hill-side or snow-field pinned to the wall? No, it is a fibreglass-and-paint relief which miraculously re-creates its subject, sometimes incorporating real pebbles, plants and so on taken from the site.

Clever yes, but *why*? "The world is constantly changing," says Mark Boyle, a

voluble Glaswegian. "One of our aims is to catch it as it is and present it as accurately as possible. Isn't that what most artists are trying to do?"

The Boyles choose their sites at random. In 1967 they asked people to fire darts into a map of the world, went to the places pinpointed and asked the natives to do the same to local maps. How they transform the chosen patch into coloured fibreglass remains their secret.

Rodin, man of bronze, might have been surprised to find such work called sculpture. The Arts Council's selection from the great Frenchman's huge opus includes porcelain, photographs, gouaches and etchings as well as bronzes and drawings.

ROGER BERTHOUD
November 1-January 25, 1987, Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).



MPs' AGENDA

MPs, having returned on October 21 for a parliamentary season, will be overwhelmingly, inescapably, maddeningly dominated by the prospect of a general election. The new session of Parliament opens on November 12 after a brief spell of clearing up. The Queen's speech will set out the legislative agenda, but tell us very little about events which will do most to shape the eventual battle.

The public spending review, for instance: how much will the Cabinet find for education, health and other public services at a time when most voters want greater generosity? Nigel Lawson's spring budget: as circumstances shift against him, can he deliver the tax cuts he has set his heart on? Even the Queen cannot predict the unpredictable: the crises, yet unforeseen, which could rock the Government as Westland and Leyland did last winter.

As for the legislative programme, the watchword there is: try not to give offence. One bill which cannot escape controversy is on local finance in Scotland, scrapping rates and introducing a community charge, probably setting the pattern for England and Wales later on. There will be bills to please consumers, to put further curbs on hyper-active and propagandist (Labour) councils, to protect "intellectual property rights" (copyright and its cousins); and possibly on private housing and the family doctor service. Even the privatization of water has been washed away: too potentially troublesome in these pre-election times.

If the new term too closely resembles the one from which MPs fled in July, Conservative members with marginal seats will be recognizable by the misery on their faces.

DAVID MCKIE



This year's Christmas stamps go on sale on November 18. The designs by Lynda Gray show five of Britain's oldest Christmas customs. 13p: The Glastonbury Thorn. Legend says that Joseph of Arimathea built the first Christian church at Glastonbury. A thorn bush growing there and blossoming on Christmas Eve was believed to be either a fragment of the crown of thorns or part of Joseph's staff. 18p: The Tanad Valley Plygain: a dawn carol service by candle-light dating from the early Middle Ages. 22p: The Hebrides Tribute. Christ is said to have ordered Peter to row 707 strokes to catch a fish containing a silver coin. On Christmas Day the fishermen of Uist used to row 707 strokes to catch fish for the poor. 31p: The Dewsbury Church Knell: a custom started in the 13th century by Sir Thomas Warren. On Christmas Eve the bell is rung once for each year since Christ's birth. 34p: The Hereford Boy Bishop. Choir boys elect a boy bishop who holds office from St Nicholas' Day to the Feast of Holy Innocents on December 28.



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NOTEBOOK

New look for Covent Garden

After a long period of uncertainty following the removal of the fruit and vegetable market Covent Garden has in the 1980s become one of London's liveliest meeting places, a focus for commerce and culture and for less intensive activities, for busking and other forms of street entertainment, for drifting and dreaming. When people have so visibly demonstrated their approval planners would normally be wise to keep away, but in Covent Garden there are still gaps to fill and eyesores to be cured. These are mostly owned by the Royal Opera House, which is now seeking planning permission from Westminster City Council for a scheme designed both to modernize the theatre and to pay for most of it by developing other parts, including two sides of the Market Square, for shops and offices.

It is an imaginative project that has become necessary, according to the Opera House, because the building designed by E. M. Barry in 1858, the third theatre on this site, is no longer adequate, particularly backstage. The Victorian auditorium, whose richness helps to create an atmosphere of excitement before almost every performance and whose shape promotes a powerful and intimate relationship between audience and performers, will not be materially changed, but outside this protected cocoon (which includes the Grand Stair and Crush Bar) and behind the preserved front entrance façade in Bow Street, it will all be rubble and reconstruction.

At the heart of the interior work will be a new double spiral staircase linking all parts of the theatre, including the amphitheatre which has hitherto been segregated from the rest of the house. This new area will provide a second entrance to the theatre at the corner of the Market Square. The stage and orchestra pit are to be enlarged, with new side and rear stages added, and a link between stage and opera rehearsal room is to



Sketch of the Market Square, looking east from King Street. The entrance to the Opera House is under the colonnade.

be constructed. A new and higher fly tower will be built, allowing the safety curtain to be raised above the proscenium arch, which will improve the sight-lines for the audience, particularly from the amphitheatre. A rehearsal room will be fitted under the side stage, so that the orchestra will no longer have to rehearse in the Crush Bar, and this room will also be used for studio performances and evening lectures. A double ballet studio will be provided, able to accommodate audiences for workshops and other events.

The scenery store in the Floral Hall will be reconstructed and raised to the level of the stage, so that it will not be necessary in future to dismantle and rebuild scenery when it is moved to and from the stage. To achieve this the Floral Hall will have to be taken down and then re-erected at a higher level on the same site, with the Opera House on one side and a new office block on the other.

Because the theatre abuts Floral and Bow Streets, with no room for development, these new additions have to be built on the west and

south, along James Street and Market Square. However the plan includes bridges across Floral Street to a new building which will enable the Royal Ballet to move from Baron's Court and establish its permanent home in Covent Garden.

Outside these extensions, and fronting the square and surrounding streets, the Opera House scheme proposes shopping areas at ground level and offices above, with three separate buildings. It is in these areas that the architects, Jeremy Dixon and William Jack, become a little diffident in presenting their plan, recognizing the importance of the piazza, the legacy of Inigo Jones, and the significance the development will have on the character of this much-loved area of London.

They have solved their problem not by trying to impose a rigid architectural style but by allowing the Opera House to make its presence felt quite discreetly. At roof level the extension facing the square will have an open-air loggia designed to strengthen the relationship between the Opera House and its environment, and which should work well if,

as is hoped, it can be made available to the public during the day as well as to theatre audiences at night. For the public the most essential part of the development is the completion of the missing parts of the square, and for this the architects propose shopping arcades beneath a barrel-vaulted colonnade, with the new entrance to the Opera House set back in the corner between the two arcades.

The objective at these outer edges of the scheme is commercial, but limited by the restraints of the environment. The result is that the Royal Opera House has a financial problem. The total cost of development is put at £55 million, and the Government will not provide further subsidy for expansion. The total likely to be raised from rents or the sale of offices and shops is £35 million. The Opera House management is confident that the £20 million shortfall can be raised, and Londoners must hope that they are right. The scheme they have put forward is well conceived, imaginative and totally in sympathy with this complex and lively part of London.

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, September 15
Air Vice-Marshal Donald Bennett, leader of Bomber Command's Pathfinder Force during the Second World War, died aged 76.

Tuesday, September 16
EEC foreign ministers settled for a limited package of sanctions against South Africa with a halt on new investment and a ban on iron, steel and Krugersands.

177 people died at an underground fire at a gold mine near Kinross, east of Johannesburg.

The families of three men who died from cancer after working at the Sellafield nuclear plant were awarded sums totalling more than £100,000.

Wednesday, September 17
Six people died and 61 were wounded when a bomb thrown from a car exploded in a crowded shop in Montparnasse, Paris.

The US government ordered the expulsion of 25 employees of the Soviet mission at the United Nations in New York. This was in response to President Reagan's demand earlier in the year

that the mission be reduced because its size was disproportionate to its UN work and the staff were engaged in spying.

The French military attaché in Beirut, Colonel Christian Goutierre, was shot dead by gunmen outside his country's embassy.

Pat Phoenix, the former *Coronation Street* actress, died aged 62.

Thursday, September 18
Australia's Fosters lager group, Elders DM, bought Courage, Britain's sixth largest brewer, from the Hanson Trust for £1,400 million.

A two-and-a-half-month-old boy was given a new heart and lungs at Harefield Hospital, west London.

Australia and India tied the First Test match in Madras, the second tie in Test match history.

Lincoln Town was expelled from the Littlewood's Challenge Cup for banning away supporters from their ground in an effort to curb hooliganism.

Tuesday, September 23
The Liberal Party voted in favour of a non-nuclear defence policy at its assembly in Eastbourne and so rejected David Steel's latest attempt to produce a defence policy acceptable to his SDP Alliance partner, Dr David Owen.

Geoffrey Boycott was sacked by Yorkshire cricket club after 21 years of service.

Wednesday, September 24
Five million people applied for shares in the Trustee Savings Bank, leaving it seven times over-subscribed and two million applicants without any shares.

Thursday, September 25
Austin Rover announced a first-half loss this year of £204 million.

A policeman who bit off part of the ear of a rival officer during a Welsh inter-force rugby match was jailed for six months at Cardiff Crown Court.

Carolyn, the oldest gorilla in captivity, died at Bronx Zoo in New York, aged 47.

Friday, September 26
Rasmi Awad, a Jordanian doctor and member of the Abu Nidal terrorist group, was jailed for 25 years at the Old Bailey for trying to organise a bombing campaign in Britain last year.

Saturday, September 27
Caspar Weinberger, the American defence secretary, said that the British Labour Party's anti-nuclear defence policy would seriously weaken NATO and increase the likelihood of war.

39 people died and more than 200 were injured during an assault by pro-Syrian rebel Christian militias across the green line dividing west and east Beirut.

Sunday, September 28
Lloyd Humphreys of Britain beat the American Don Curry in six rounds in Atlantic City to become the undisputed world welterweight boxing champion.

Robert Helpmann, the Australian ballet dancer and choreographer, died aged 77.

Monday, September 29
Nicholas Daniloff, the US reporter arrested in Moscow on August 30 and charged with spying seven days later, was allowed to leave the Soviet Union.

PHOTOS: RALPH WINTER/REUTERS INTERNATIONAL



The two-day summit meeting between President Reagan of the United States and Mr Gorbachov of the Soviet Union in Reykjavik ended in failure. After reaching agreement on a wide range of nuclear arms control issues the talks broke down over the American Strategic Defence Initiative (Star Wars) research programme. The US offered a 10-year delay in the deployment of SDI missiles from US and Soviet arsenals, but the Soviet Union demanded that SDI research was confined to the laboratory. The meetings, which lasted considerably longer than planned, took place behind closed doors in a government lodge that was reported to be haunted, and while they were going on the media had only Mrs Raisa Gorbachov to focus on.

On the following day Gennadi Zakharov, a Soviet employee at the United Nations who had been arrested on espionage charges, was expelled from the USA and the Soviet authorities released two prominent dissidents.

The expulsion of eight members of the Militant Tendency, including Liverpool city council's deputy leader Derek Hinton, was endorsed by the Labour Party conference at Blackpool.

Mohamed Karim Lamrani, Morocco's Premier since 1983, was relieved of his post by King Hassan for health reasons.

Tuesday, September 30
Sealink merged with Channel Island Ferries to form a new company, British Channel Island Ferries, resulting in the loss of 492 jobs. Sealink seamen staged a sit-in and threatened further industrial action.

The remains of a mammoth, up to 5,000 years old, were found by contractors working at Condoover, near Shrewsbury.

Lord Kildor, economic adviser to the



Wilson governments in the 1960s and early 70s, died aged 78.

Wednesday, October 1
Marmaduke Hussey, former chief executive and managing director of Times Newspapers, was appointed chairman of the BBC.

Thursday, October 2
Tough economic sanctions were imposed against South Africa after the US Senate voted to override President Reagan's veto of the bill.

The kidnapers of Terry Anderson, the US journalist abducted in Beirut 19 months ago, released a video tape in which he appealed to President Reagan to help American hostages in Lebanon.

Sunday, October 5
Dr Robert Runcie, Archbishop of Canterbury, denounced an inquiry after an Anglican woman priest, the Reverend Joyce Bennett, gave Holy Communion in the Church of England's London headquarters contrary to present C of E regulations.

20,000 people joined a human chain 28 miles long in Scotland's biggest anti-nuclear protest.

Dancing Brave, ridden by Pat Eddery, trained by Guy Harwood, and owned by Khalid Abdullah, won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

Two people were killed and 60 injured when two high-speed, inter-city trains collided at Colwich Junction, Staffordshire.

The jury at the inquest into the Boeing 737 fire at Manchester Airport in August, 1985 returned verdicts of accidental death on the 55 victims but urged improvements in safety precautions.

Monday, September 22
Nato and Warsaw Pact countries meeting in Stockholm agreed to set limits on military activities and establish routine voluntary inspections.

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Dancing Brave, ridden by Pat Eddery, swept clear of his rivals well into the final furlong to win the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in record time. Bering, winner of the French Derby, was second and the French-trained filly *Triphych* third, with the English and Irish Derby winner *Shahrastani* fourth.

injured and 150,000 left homeless after an earthquake in San Salvador, capital of El Salvador in Central America.

Saturday, October 11
President Reagan and Mr Gorbachov met in Reykjavik for a two-day mini summit.

Sunday, October 12
The Queen arrived in Peking for a six-day visit to China, the first by a reigning British monarch.

Customs officers at Heathrow airport seized 15 kilograms of cocaine with a street value of more than £15 million.



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THE PRESS BREAKS FREE Nov 86

Virtually every national newspaper is quitting Fleet Street. Lewis Chester looks at the opportunities of the new era, and sees some pitfalls ahead.

The mass sackings that preceded the move of Rupert Murdoch's newspaper titles, *The Times*, *The Sunday Times*, *Sun* and *News of the World*, to Wapping early this year left at least one journalist dry-eyed. "I have never hidden my hatred for Fleet Street," said Andrew Neil, Editor of *The Sunday Times*, in the wake of the transfer. "I'm delighted to have played a major part in its demise."

It is not quite dead yet, but the funeral arrangements cannot be long delayed. All the evidence is that the Fleet Street area will cease to be a base for national newspaper production—with perhaps one exception—by the end of the decade. And Fleet Street's near-500-year-long association with print will end not with a bang but with a property bonanza.

The effect of Wapping on most other newspaper proprietors has been to strengthen their determination to move to new greenfield sites, mainly around London's dockland. In every case these moves are to be accomplished with severe labour cuts and radical changes in working practices.

Most claim that they are resolved not to "do a Murdoch" by indulging in wholesale dismissals, but even those with the most emollient redundancy schemes acknowledge the significance of what he has done. Announcing his dockland plan for the *Financial Times*, the Chief Executive Frank Barlow told staff: "Sunday, January 26, 1986 [the day Murdoch's titles moved to Wapping] was the day on which Fleet Street, as you and I knew it for all our working lives, ceased to exist."

Nor is there much comfort for those not destined for the docks. The *Express* newspaper group, which currently wishes to remain in Fleet Street, has just completed one

drastic redundancy plan, shedding a third of its 6,800 workforce, and is on the verge of another.

After the first slimming exercise they still wound up with an operation that was four times less efficient than Murdoch's—he had twice their turnover with half their staff members.

The management message is now clear. The *Express* may stay in Fleet Street but what is understood by Fleet Street practices—costly over-manning on outdated technology—is on the way out.

Technology is the key to all these changes. For most of this century newspaper type has been set in hot metal by Linotype machines operated by a printer reading from the journalist's copy. The delicate clatter of these machines—described by Henry Miller as being like "a million bracelets slapped into a pool"—was once deemed the authentic sound of newspaper production.

In the late 1960s photocomposition or cold type using computer-based, electronic equipment began to displace hot metal in America and in parts of the British provincial press. It made no headway in Fleet Street, partly because the logical development of photosetting was seen to be direct input, or what is sometimes known as single key-stroking.

In this arrangement the reporters, sub-editors and advertising staff can keyboard their own material into the central computer without the assistance of a printer. This posed an immediate threat to the Linotype operators who were the best paid and most highly organized print group. An attempt by the Thomson Organisation to force the pace on direct inputting back in the late 70s led to the closure of *The Times* and *The Sunday Times* for 11 months.

As recently as last year three Fleet Street papers were entirely set in hot metal and five more used a hybrid hot and cold system. In those places where a cold system had been introduced double-keystroking was the norm—the compositors re-typed journalists' previously typed copy on to a keyboard attached to a visual display unit (VDU) linked to a central computer.

It was Murdoch's Wapping that introduced direct entry at a stroke, giving journalists access to the new technology. Eddy Shah's *Today* followed in the same style and there is now not a manager in Fleet Street without an urgent direct-input plan in his hip pocket. A by-product of this technology is electronic page make-up which erodes another traditional craft area of the print.

Logically, perhaps the technological revolution could have taken place within the confines of Fleet Street, but few think that is a realistic possibility any more. There is a strong presumption that change to a new place of work makes it easier to change working practices and Wapping would seem to bear this out, albeit in rather gross form.

The docks are attractive because land is cheap and industry is wooed with big development grants and long "rate holidays". Though the new newspaper plants will have much in common, there will be no replication of the Fleet Street community. The *Mail* group and *The Observer* are bound south of the river, while the "northern" plants of Wapping, the *Telegraph* and the *Financial Times* will span 5 miles of the East End. The vision of the planners is not cultural but sternly industrial. The fragmentation effect is made more pronounced by the fact that with the new technology the print and editorial functions can be

geographically divorced.

Things might not have happened so fast but for the newspaper owners' felicitous discovery back in 1982 that they could float Reuters on the Stock Exchange and pick up a fortune. "It was as if they had discovered oil in the back garden," said Sir Richard Marsh, then chairman of the Newspaper Publishers' Association. It meant that the normally impecunious *Guardian*, with shares worth £40 million, could readily stump up £15 million for a site on the Isle of Dogs.

For many proprietors there is also the prospect of big once-for-all profits from the sale of properties they have left behind. Newspaper managements are reluctant to comment on what will happen to their unwanted palaces but it is no secret that moves to quit Fleet Street coincide with pressures for new office development.

Bob Foster of Weatherall Green & Smith, the surveyors retained for Murdoch's News International, says that phenomenal things have been happening with Fleet Street area property prices: "Now you can expect £25 per square foot for new air-conditioned office space whereas only 18 months ago it might be as low as £15 a square foot. What's happening in Fleet Street is important but the expansion of the City is perhaps more important."

Neil Vann, Development Manager of *The Observer*, sees the City rapidly encroaching all the time: "We're already seeing the commodity brokers and accountancy firms moving our way. My guess is that the dominant enterprise in the future will be banking—it'll be among the few that can afford it."

The upsurge in prices and demand has been mainly due to the prospect of the Big Bang making a



FRANK SPONLER

»→ bonfire of controls on the Stock Exchange. A consequence of deregulation has been the merging of financial service companies into major new corporations all requiring space-hungry trading floors. There is virtually no elbow room in the traditional financial district around the Bank of England but Fleet Street has it aplenty.

Rupert Murdoch's group has already submitted a planning application to carry out a £150 million development in the Bouverie Street area, once the home of *The Sun* and *News of the World*. The plan allows for 320,000 square feet of office and retail space. If permission is granted, the site will almost certainly be sold to a developer and, with site values currently running around 50 per cent of investment value in central London, News International could find itself the richer by £75 million.

Plans to sell the freehold of the Gray's Inn Road site (formerly the base of *The Sunday Times*) are also well advanced, with Independent Television News (ITN) as the main prospective purchaser. The price is likely to be well over £10 million.

The *Telegraph* is even further ahead in the property game. Demolition starts next March on its Fleet Street printworks, immediately behind the editorial offices, and a massive 26-storey office block will replace it. The site sales price to

Rothsay Developments has not been disclosed but the development, in which the *Telegraph* is believed to retain an interest, will be worth around £100 million.

An even bigger killing is in prospect for Mail Newspapers, though the group is resolutely saying nothing about its plans. The *Mail* group controls most of the properties from Bouverie Street down to the Embankment and its jumble of buildings—Old Carmelite House, New Carmelite House, Temple House and Northcliffe House—includes many features that date back to the late 19th century and the era of Fleet Street's greatest expansion. Now that everything is contracting, the *Mail's* massive property legacy can help finance moving forward.

For all but the printworkers it seems an enchanting story of an industry freeing itself from the shackles of the past with one mighty bound. Ron Morgans, formerly on the picture desk of the *Daily Mirror* and the first picture editor of *Today*, described his first experience of the new technology as: "Like climbing off a haycart and into a Ferrari." Peter Baistow, a thoughtful designer on *The Sunday Times*, was a firm friend of the printers during the paper's 11 month closure but now works in Wapping with the sense of being on a new frontier: "I can do things now

The great diaspora of the national press got off to a violent start in January, when Rupert Murdoch's News International sacked 5,500 print workers and moved his newspapers to Wapping. The new technology plant had to be defended by high walls and razor wire, and has been the scene of regular clashes between police and angry print workers and their supporters.



JOHNSTON BRICK K. NETWORK

in three hours that took three days before. For me there can be no going back."

There is also no question that new technology has already produced new jobs for journalists and the promise of more. *Today* and *The Independent* both owe their existence to the technology and, significantly, both steered well clear of Fleet

Street—*Today* is in Vauxhall Bridge Road. *The Independent* is in City Road. The Mirror Group has announced plans for a new 24 hour newspaper using direct input—the *London Daily News*. Against this, two national newspapers have declared journalist redundancies with the onset of new technology.

The fun aspect of the technology,

as the journalists get to grips with their VDU, is undeniable. But it is generally true to say that those journalists involved on the production and design side are the most enthusiastic about hi-tech benefits. Writing journalists tend to be more dubious, perhaps mainly because there is no technology that can ease the ache of writing a decent sentence, yet they do have less selfish reasons for concern.

Peter Lennon of *The Listener* expressed a quite common view when he wrote: "This year the Fleet Street journalist is, morally, only a filament of his former spherical self. He is more often encountered today as a detainee behind barbed wire, a nomad in search of a lost oasis, or a time-server." Hugo Young, the distinguished political columnist of *The Guardian*, welcomes the possibility of a more diversified press but sees the danger of the old economic crisis being replaced by a new journalistic one, with papers emptying of purpose and real identity. More newspapers do not necessarily mean better ones. "So far," he says glumly, "more only seems to mean more."

Among the stream of refugee journalists from Wapping, eventually numbering over 150, there was a strong feeling that the revolution mobilized to crush the printers also threatened the independence and capacity for initiative required for good journalism. Wapping, with its origins in barbed wire and a history of police-picket clashes, may not be the ideal exemplar of the new technology in action, but so far it is the best we have.

Complaints about the new technology tend to focus on its Orwellian aspects. The system makes it much easier to check on individual performance at all hours of the day. VDUs also make informal and spontaneous communication between ordinary staff members much more difficult than before. The overall consequence may be an enterprise that improves methods of hierarchical control but militates against creativity.

An equally significant long-term consequence of the drive for new technology may be a change in the role of the editor. In the past the editor, in theory at least, was the leader of the journalists and stout defender of their interests against the excesses of "management". But the complexities of the technological changeover tend to force editors into a management role, so that the interests of the journalists—in their eyes at least—appear to come a poor second. The change produces what Peter Lennon describes as the phenomenon of "the orphaned journalist".

Many journalists from *The Times* and *The Sunday Times*, the main sources of "orphans", are now working on *The Independent*, which indicates that the malaise is not simply

about new technology. *The Independent* has direct inputting too. It is the convulsive change from the old to the new that produces most of the distress and there seems no way of avoiding this for the rest of the decade.

The hope is that the convulsion will be the prelude to a better balanced, more diversified press. No new papers were started for many years, the start-up costs being prohibitive—perhaps around £100 million—but now they have already come down to around £20 million (though, to judge by Shah's experience on *Today*, it can cost a lot more to stay in the game).

It is possible at least to envisage the blooming of a thousand paper flowers, though this may not necessarily be a good thing. In the past, great newspapers have been achieved by great concentrations of talent and this may prove more difficult in future. Peter Fiddick, the Media Editor of *The Guardian*, is among those concerned about the potential for fragmentation in the new technology.

With a new level of choice it might be impossible for any newspapers to hold centre stage any more. While theoretically this might be desirable, it could impair the Press's watchdog

function in a society with a strong centralizing tendency in most other areas, like government, industry and finance. "There is," says Fiddick, "something to be said for a perceived centre of power in the fourth estate."

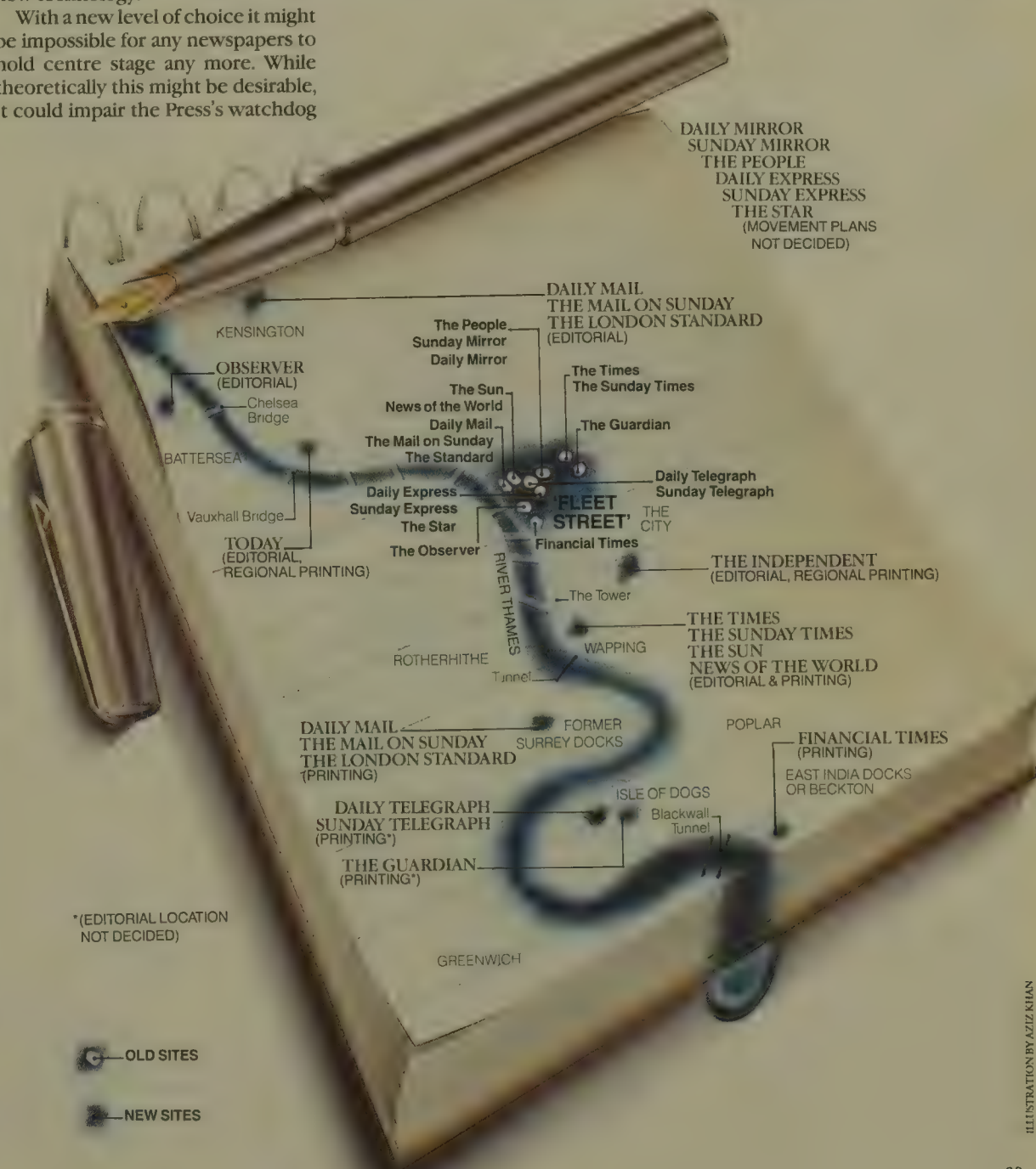
Anthony Smith, the author of *Goodbye Gutenberg—the newspaper revolution of the 1980s*, sees things developing rather differently. The American experience, which has relevance although the United States has no national newspapers of the British type, has been that full computerization has led to higher profits for the Press but little in the way of fresh competition. Smith believes there will be a similar progression in Britain, with existing monopolistic tendencies being reinforced.

This is not to say that newspapers will not change. One almost certain development will be greater segmentation of readers, advertisements and content. This is because computerization readily lends itself to a supplement approach, making it

easier to target desired sections of the market.

Smith maintains that the complicated social engineering required to identify these market segments will be the essential function of new newspaper managements. This in turn will maximize the kind of competition which usually ends, after a struggle, in monopolies, since the competitors are forced gradually along identical lines. Far from anticipating a thousand flowers over the next decade, Smith reckons there will be little change in the number of titles available to readers, though one or two of the existing ones might drop off the bottom of the market.

This, of course, is guesswork, however well informed, and no one can say with confidence how things will actually develop. All that can be said is that the situation is fraught with opportunity for ill as well as good. In the short-term at least, the awful truth may be that our newspapers will get worse before they have the chance to get better. ➤➤



THE DOCKLANDS DREAM

FINANCIAL TIMES

Part of the Pearson Group, chaired by Lord Blakenham, the *FT* sells 258,000 copies a day, most of which are printed in London though a sizeable number—some 60,000—are printed with facsimile techniques in Frankfurt and New York. One of the last to develop a riverside plan, the *FT* is to transfer its printing, probably to the East India Docks, by the end of this year. This is designed to coincide with a changeover to computer setting and direct input. Cost of the move and the redundancies it entails—400 out of 1,500 workers—is reckoned at £55 million. Editorial staff may stay at Bracken House near St Paul's Cathedral.

FLEET HOLDINGS

The titles of Fleet Holdings—*Daily Express* (circulation 1.86 million), *Sunday Express* (2.37 million) and *The Star* (1.42 million)—are all in gentle decline. Part of the United Newspapers group, chaired by David Stevens, the newspapers will go over to full computer typesetting in the near future. As preparation for this exercise the group has completed a £60 million redundancy programme reducing the 7,000 workforce by a third. Over 100 journalists were among those paid off, an indication that new technology may hit more

than the printers. The group has no announced plan to move out of Fleet Street but it just might.

THE GUARDIAN

Owned by a trust, *The Guardian* (circulation 525,000) is still not immune to the commercial pressures buffeting its rivals. The paper has edged into the black in recent years but is vulnerable, like *The Times*, to competition from *The Independent*. Led by Peter Preston, its long-time editor, *The Guardian* must also make its drive on the docks. A new £23 million plant is being built in the Isle of Dogs for occupation by January, 1988, though the editorial side may remain in Farringdon Road. The paper aims to shed one-fifth of its 1,000 staff and has negotiated "an agreement in principle" on direct inputting with the unions.

THE INDEPENDENT

Britain's newest newspaper has no proprietor. Money for its launch, some £21 million, was raised by Andreas Whittam Smith, former City Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*, from 30 different institutions, mainly insurance companies and pension funds. Whittam Smith is now the editor presiding over a staff of 180 journalists in City Road, opposite Companies House. The paper starts

life as a direct-inputting publication, and printing is done at contract centres in the regions. *The Independent* had its first shock when an institution investor proved to be fronting for Robert Maxwell, who now owns 4.7 per cent. Not enough to threaten perhaps, but enough to alarm.

MAIL NEWSPAPERS

The *Mail* group is presided over by Lord Rothermere, the last of the hereditary press barons. All his newspapers—*Daily Mail* (circulation 1.80 million), *Mail on Sunday* (1.62 million) and *The London Standard* (517,000)—are lively performers and the group is contemplating relaunching the *Evening News*. More definite plans are for direct input and staff cuts. Management had pledged no "Wapping style" confrontations but a third of the machine and publishing staff will be paid to leave. Those who remain will, it is hoped, fit neatly into the new £100 million printworks in the Surrey Docks by this time next year. Journalists will be redeployed in Barkers, Kensington High Street.

MIRROR GROUP

Fiefdom of Robert Maxwell, Fleet Street's most unpredictable proprietor, the Mirror group encompasses the *Daily Mirror* (circulation 3.05 million), *Sunday Mirror* (3.05 million) and *The People* (3.06 million) and is planning to establish a London 24 hour newspaper, the *London Daily News*, next February. £60 million is being invested in new web-offset presses and the printing operation is due to move out of the Holborn Circus headquarters next year. Dockland is the rumoured destination. Redundancies have cut the 6,000 workforce by a third and the aim is to reduce it by another third. The *Daily Mirror* plans to go over to full computer typesetting in the near future but a final decision on direct input has yet to be taken.

NEWS INTERNATIONAL

Rupert Murdoch's empire, comprising the *News of the World* (circulation 4.85 million), *The Sun* (4.06 million), *The Sunday Times* (1.15 million) and *The Times* (471,000). Since the move to Wapping both popular papers have shown remarkable resilience but the two qualities, in particular *The Sunday Times*, have been damaged. Direct inputting is used on all titles and the other print work is now done by electricians. As a result of sacking 5,500 central London printers Murdoch has saved an estimated £65 million on his wages bill, but this has been partly offset by the costs of a long and bitter industrial dispute and a

new road-distribution system.

NEWS ON SUNDAY

A new newspaper which will be based in Manchester but will have a strong presence in London. Start-up funds, almost £7 million, have come from the Labour movement, the unions and left-wing local authorities. Chairman of the enterprise is Nicholas Horsley, who heads the £360 million Northern Foods concern and belongs to CND. The paper's technology will be new but the plan is to move straight to direct input. Politically it will be left-of-centre. The editor will be Keith Sutton, one of *The Sunday Times*'s refusenik journalists, who went on to edit the strikers' anti-Murdoch paper *The Wapping Post*. He says the new paper will be on the streets by next spring.

THE OBSERVER

Owned by "Tiny" Rowland, the Lonrho boss, *The Observer* (circulation 778,000) has closed the gap on its main rival *The Sunday Times*, but is still some way from being in the black. It now faces drastic surgery. The plan is to evacuate its Blackfriars home by next March. Journalists are destined for Battersea while the printing is to be handled on a contract basis at four regional centres—Portsmouth, Bradford, Peterborough and Worcester. Out of a staff of 1,200 full- and part-time workers, redundancies of 500 are being sought.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

It was the cost of the docklands dream that finally broke the ownership of Lord Hartwell and the Berry family. *The Daily Telegraph* (circulation 1.16 million) and *Sunday Telegraph* (678,000) are now owned by Conrad Black, the right-wing Canadian businessman, and he intends to see the modernization programme through. Although the newspapers are still losing money, £100 million has been earmarked for new printworks on the Isle of Dogs and in Manchester. Journalists may go to Battersea. A scheme to cut staff from 3,300 to below 1,500 is already well advanced. Redundancies have included journalists as well as printers.

TODAY

Eddy Shah launched *Today* as an attack on the vested interests of Fleet Street, printing and proprietorial. With colour, direct-inputting and contract printing it was at the frontier of technical developments but the journalistic formula never seemed to gel and staff began to drift away. Desperate for additional funds, Shah was obliged to accept the warm embrace of "Tiny" Rowland's Lonrho, offering a £13.5 million cash injection, and was then—predictably—squeezed out. Circulation has fluctuated wildly, from over 750,000 to below 300,000. It needs to stabilize around 500,000 to achieve success.



CORIN JONES



BARRY LEWIS/NETWORK

In the old Fleet Street, type-setting was done by print workers using linotype machines like this *Times* model. At the offices of the new *Independent*, journalists do it with VDUs, above.



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HIGH SPEED WHIP

Lord Hesketh, whose Formula 1 racing car was driven to victory in the 1975 Dutch Grand Prix by James Hunt, above, and who later launched the Hesketh superbike, has joined the government team in the House of Lords.
Roger Berthoud reports.

Alexander Fermor-Hesketh, third Baron Hesketh, is a large, friendly man of 35 who has been in the news off and on since his father died when he was five. As the eldest of three small brothers, Alexander thereupon came into a title, an historic home in Northamptonshire with some 5,000 acres, including Towcester racecourse, and a lot of tax problems.

Once the latter had been sorted out, the young heir was allowed to fade into obscurity. At the age of 22, however, he was back in the news with what became a surprisingly efficient assault on Grand Prix motor racing. When that ended with a win in 1975, he made an even braver attempt to launch a 1,000cc British motorcycle, the Hesketh.

Now, after enjoying a period of hard-won obscurity, he has surprisingly emerged in the recent ministerial reshuffle as a junior Government Whip (salary £20,640) in the House of Lords, where he will also act as junior spokesman on agriculture and the arts. It will be a full-time job when the Lords are sitting, he reckons, and he regards it as every bit as exciting a venture as Grand Prix racing or making superbikes (cheaper, too!).

The Heskeths were originally a Lancashire family, adding the Northants dimension in 1867, when Sir Thomas Hesketh married a sister of the last Earl of Pomfret, family name Fermor. Easton Neston, the Fermor

family seat, had been rebuilt near Towcester to a design by Nicholas Hawksmoor, the only private house planned by the great builder of London churches. Towcester racecourse, beautifully sited on a slope, owes its origins to the days when the Empress Elizabeth of Austria rented the handsome Queen Anne mansion for the hunting, and the local gentry organized point-to-points for her delectation.

At first sight there seems little enough in Alexander Hesketh's background to incline him to the automotive sector. His mother, now 57, is a McEwen, related by blood if not money to the Scottish brewers. His father was a professional soldier, with however a youthful interest in cars, and his grandfather read engineering at Cambridge.

Lord Hesketh believes that his father's death at the age of 39 took its toll of his own educational career. "It's only since I've been 30 that I have really regretted not going to university," he said. "But if my father had been alive, he would probably have insisted on my going. Having said that, if I *had* done so, I probably wouldn't have built the racing cars: I would have thought it was an impossible thing to do. So there are pluses and minuses."

At Ampleforth, the Roman Catholic public school in Yorkshire, he was thoroughly unhappy. If the new science block, to whose building he later contributed, had been there it might have been different, he reflected. "My bent was mechanical;

and I suppose I was rebellious." So he left school at 16, went to a crammer's, became a car salesman in Market Harborough, then began to enjoy life, spending a year with a stockbroking firm in San Francisco, where he had relatives through an American grandmother. That year tinged him with the American belief that everything is possible.

Not long after his return, he became involved in motor racing. It began very casually in 1972 when he sponsored a friend as a Formula 3 driver, at the least powerful end of the spectrum. The friend suddenly dropped out, so a replacement had to be found to drive the car. The man who volunteered was James Hunt, then known principally for the number of cars he had crashed. The remainder of 1972 proved unremarkable, and on the premise that a change is as good as a rest they decided to move up to Formula 2 the following year. "We were by then better organized," Lord Hesketh recalled, "and James rather rose to the occasion. The trouble was, we had picked the wrong car with the wrong engine. We did better, coming third, fourth and fifth, but we were not going to win."

So, on the same principle, they decided to move up to Formula 1 that season, renting a Formula 1 car and buying two engines. In their second Grand Prix race, in France, Hunt came sixth and thus won a point towards the championship. "In the next race we were fourth then third: it was very apparent we were

getting competitive. But if you're going to win, you have to build your own car. I was lucky enough to hire a designer called Dr Harvey Postlethwaite, and started converting the stable block here from a horse to a racing car stable and building our first car. 1973 ended on a high note when we came second in the US Grand Prix and very nearly won it. James finished eighth in the world championship, a very fine effort."

In 1974 they ran their own stately-home-built cars, which proved to be very quick but were at first dogged by technical problems. For 1975 they built a new model, and in the second half of the year Hunt pulled off the remarkable feat of winning the Dutch Grand Prix, despite having Niki Lauda on his tail for most of the race. It was the last Grand Prix race to be won by a private entrant, and a high point of Hesketh's early life. He was still only 24, and cherished by the gossip columns as one of the last big spenders, with a helicopter, Rolls Royce with a then exotic telephone, and Falstaffian girth to match his great height (much weight has since been shed). The triumph had cost him dear, however, some £250,000 in 1975 alone.

Failing to raise sufficient sponsorship to continue at a competitive level, he had to say farewell to James Hunt, who became world champion in a McLaren the following year. "Obviously it was disappointing that it was not in my car, but that's life," Hesketh commented philosophically. Dr Postlethwaite in turn

»→



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»→ became Ferrari's chief engineer. Hesketh cars continued to race into 1978, but it was all very low key.

Meanwhile, a skilled workforce of some 40 artisans had been knitted together at Easton Neston. They had not only made the Formula 1 cars (engines and gears excepted) but done development and manufacturing for other teams. How could the men best be used? "I plumped for building a classic V-twin British superbike," Hesketh recalled. "It was a much bigger task than building one-off racing cars. The bike had to be designed for production."

In the end it proved to be a nightmarish experience. In 1978 it

"At first the Lords is rather daunting: there are so many real experts. I was just settling in when I was made a Whip, so I have gone back to feeling nervous."

became apparent that production at Easton Neston would not be possible. To raise the £1.3 million needed to put the bike into volume production at Daventry, the pre-production model was shown in April, 1979, only to be slated in the press. The factory, plant and workforce then had to be kept on while a serious technical problem in the gearbox was sorted out.

"Twenty-twenty hindsight is wonderful," Hesketh commented. "By autumn, 1981 the recession was biting and motorcycle sales were down by 30 per cent. Then our major subcontractor, in Oldham, Lancashire, went bankrupt and we had to buy the plant, which further delayed production. Deliveries started in 1982, which was too late. We had to produce 40 bikes a week to be viable, and we never managed more than 20."

About 140 were eventually made between March and June, 1982 before the money ran out and trading ceased. Hesketh himself lost most money, about £500,000. "I didn't really want to see another motorcycle. But we still had our R & D side here, and everyone said, 'If it's just broken up, there will be nothing left.' So I bought back the manufacturing rights and the designs, and since then we have produced bikes here to special order, about one a month. And we still do R & D for English and foreign firms, mainly on cars."

The Hesketh superbike originally cost about £4,500. Now it ranges from £5,400 to £7,500 according to specification, and has become a cult machine. One was shown, to Hesketh's delight, in the British pavilion at this year's Vancouver Expo. Customers tend to be dedicated

enthusiasts. The American publisher, Malcolm Forbes has three. It is a magnificent-looking steed capable of cruising at 120 mph.

When he married Lord Manton's remarkably pretty daughter Claire in 1977, Hesketh began to take a serious interest in farming and, as a consequence, in the countryside. His classic mixed arable farm now includes 3,000 ewes and 1,000 head of cattle, including pedigree Simmental (those lovely fawn and white Swiss cows) and his own Simmental/Hereford crosses. While of necessity farming for profit and convinced the countryside must continue to evolve, he is conscious of the needs of wildlife. "That's what I call prime vole-burger country," he said happily, pointing to one of the many hardwood plantations from his Land-Rover. The local hawks love it.

While regarding farming as his primary activity, he had latterly begun spending more time in the House of Lords, feeling he might now be able to make a contribution. "At first it's rather daunting: there are so many people who are real experts in their subject. I was just settling in when I was made a Whip, so I have gone back to feeling nervous."

His title is Lord-in-Waiting, and every six months he and his four fellow Whips do a month's duty as Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, greeting arriving foreign dignitaries *in loco reginae* and travelling in the royal car when required. As a Whip he helps muster Conservative peers for important votes, no light task when the Government has been defeated more frequently than usual in the Upper House. For his additional role as junior spokesman on agriculture and the arts, he is clearly well qualified on the farming front, less so on the arts, though he has long backed West End plays and musicals.

Perhaps he is best qualified of all to speak on the theme of his maiden speech: the difficulties of starting up small businesses. From his own experience he has deduced that there is indeed plenty of talent for innovation in Britain, but that the problems of production engineering tend to be under-estimated. "It is a very difficult skill, and I suspect that a part of it is about discipline. In a way the British aren't very disciplined, are they, whereas the Japanese and Germans are."

Having himself missed the discipline of higher education, Hesketh has acquired his knowledge the hard and expensive way. Yet he has shown, to a degree not so common nowadays among the aristocracy, both courage and enterprise. Perhaps after the further discipline of the Whip's office, led by his friend and Midlands neighbour, the Chief Whip Lord Denham, he will surprise us again with some bold new bid to put an all-British product in the forefront of achievement ○

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From stately homes to street furniture, prisons to pigsties, the flowers of England's heritage are listed for preservation. Ros Drinkwater takes a look at how the selection is made.

MAKING THE GRADE

For centuries what an Englishman did to his castle was entirely his own affair. Ancient monuments have been protected by Act of Parliament since 1882, but when, in 1913, Lord Curzon proposed legislation for the protection of all English architecture the idea was dismissed as outrageous, an unthinkable infringement of the rights of the individual. It took the events of 1914 to change the climate of opinion.

By then much of England's priceless architectural heritage lay in ruins. The bombing of Bath that year moved the authorities to act. A team was quickly assembled and dispatched round England, their brief to identify those buildings that should be salvaged at all costs. The lists they compiled were intended for the guidance of local authorities—after a bombing raid they would know where to sweep up the rubble or try to preserve what was left with a view to rebuilding. After the war, listing, as we know it, began with the launch of the first historic buildings' survey in 1947.

Today there are over 376,000 listed buildings in England and the number grows by 30,000 a year. Some are not buildings at all. "Man-made structure" is the phrase used to cover everything from stately homes to street furniture, prisons to pigsties, underground railway platforms to canal engineering. All are graded according to quality. Grade I are of exceptional interest; Grade II* are of more than special interest; Grade II are of special interest. Listing does not protect a building for all time, but it does ensure that the case for its preservation is fully considered. An owner must get written permission from the local authority

before carrying out any work that could affect its character. Penalties for flouting the law are severe—an unspecified fine, or up to 12 months imprisonment, or both.

Despite its Domesday Book connotations, listing was never intended as an academic record of our architectural heritage. Under the 1971 Town and Country Planning Act the Secretary of State is required to supply lists of all buildings of special architectural or historic interest for the guidance of local planning authorities for use in their planning framework. In this he is advised by the Historic Buildings and Monuments Commission, which administers the system. At Fortress House, their Savile Row headquarters, assistant chief inspector Brian Antony admitted that the British were a bit slow off the mark.

"The French have protected their architecture since 1830, the Bavarians even longer and the Dutch since the beginning of the century. In 1947, when the State finally came around to Curzon's way of thinking, the criteria for selection were drawn up by a consortium of architects, antiquaries and historians headed by Sir Eric Maclagan. Thirty-two inspectors were appointed and the work got underway. Buildings eligible were those erected before 1700 that existed in anything like their original state, and selected buildings of between 1700 and 1840.

"I'm afraid they didn't quite know what they were letting themselves in for—they thought it would take two and a half years, in fact it took 22.

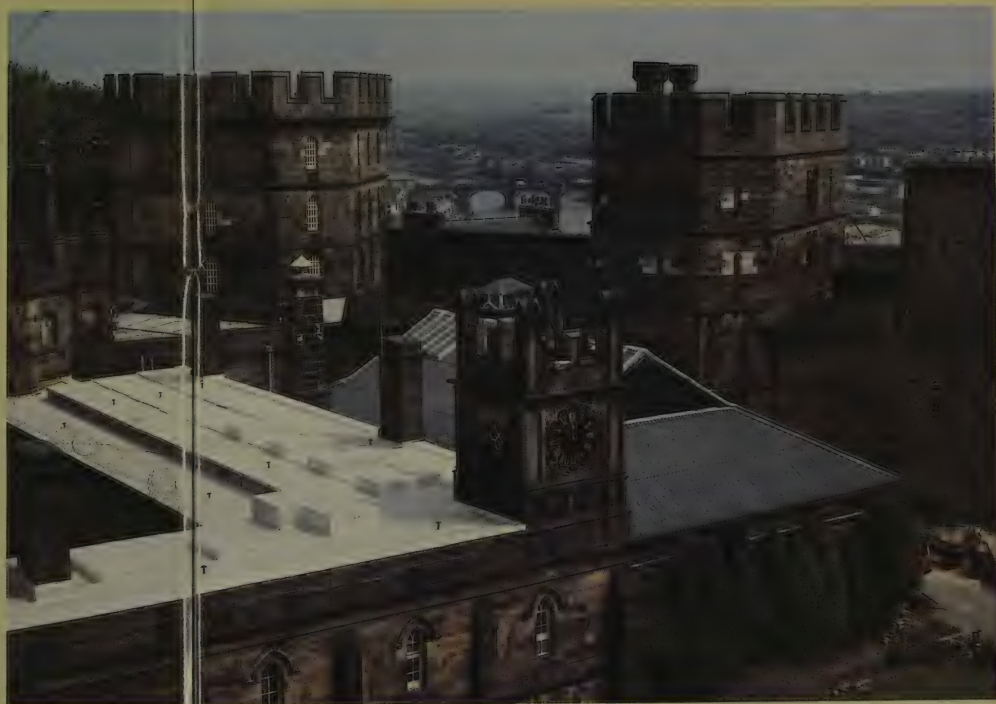
"By 1969 it was against the law to alter a listed building without official permission, so in order to be fair the whole thing had to be done

on a much more rigorously structured and systematic level. It was also decided to widen the criteria to include Victorian architecture, which was becoming increasingly popular, and a very careful selection from the inter-war period. For the first time allowance was made for buildings not of value on their own account but which were significant in the street scene, 'group value', as it was called. A resurvey was launched, programmed for completion by the end of the century."

The system was admirable but its bureaucratic machinery was slow and cumbersome. The biggest post-war threat came from unscrupulous developers. *Fail accompli* might well have been their motto.

"By the late 70s there was a good deal of concern over the number of fine buildings that were lost before they could be listed," Brian Antony explained. "As soon as some developers got wind of a possible listing they simply moved in the demolition team. In 1980 Michael Heseltine was Secretary of State and it was the precipitate demolition of the Firestone factory, over a bank holiday weekend when it was only days from being listed, that fired his enthusiasm. He ordered an immediate acceleration of the resurvey. Phase 1 began in 1982, with 20 county councils and two metropolitan district councils targeted to cover half the country by the end of 1985. Phase 2 started in 1984, with 11 private architectural practices, chosen in competition, acting as agents for the Department. These areas should be completed by 1987."

The mammoth task of identification is done by the fieldworkers, 100 of them throughout the



Above: Lancaster Castle is probably Europe's oldest prison, first mentioned as such in 1196. It is the only one of Her Majesty's prisons to be listed Grade I in its entirety. Right: Compton Verney in Northamptonshire is a stately home that fell into severe decay. Listed Grade I, it is being converted into a hotel. Far right: Marple Canal Bridge, Cheshire. The town grew up because of its 18th-century canal system, and the locks and bridges are listed Grade II.



LISTED BUILDINGS

→ country, employed by their respective county councils and architectural practices. They cover every inch of their allotted territory, describing in detail and photographing buildings for recommendation. At regular intervals they report their findings to the Department's local inspectors and their joint recommendations are forwarded to the Minister for the final decision.

Peter Bell is the fieldworker responsible for the resurvey of Greater Manchester. To find out exactly what constitutes a building of "special architectural or historic interest" I spent a day with him.

"It is essential that there is a uniformity of selection across the country," he told me, "so the Department lays down pretty strict guidelines. The emphasis is on the word 'special' and the later a building the more special it has to be.

"Age, rarity, materials, craftsmanship and design all have to be taken into account. In later work we have to consider technological innovation or virtuosity—for instance cast iron, prefabrication or the early use of concrete.

"Historical importance can be linked to characters or events. There's a tiny lighthouse in Glasson Dock, Lancashire, that's listed because it was the first wet-dock in the new country. In Gateshead there's an unprepossessing mid-Victorian house with a Grade II* listing because it was there that Sir Joseph Swan invented incandescent electric light.

"It's also important to preserve the principal works of the principal architects. In Hale we have two fine houses by Edgar Wood. The first, Halewood, built in 1891, is a prime example of 'arts and crafts' architecture and in it you can see the beginnings of the modern movement. It's very interesting to see how Wood's style developed from the traditional building methods and the vernacular element of Halewood to the very forward-looking Royd House, completed in 1914, with its concrete roof that allowed a totally new freedom in planning and expression. We consider it to be an internationally important building and have recommended it for Grade I listing."

After an hour on the road it was apparent that the qualifications for the job go far beyond the required knowledge of architecture and its history. We had driven to a farm in the Pennine foothills where the sullen farmer had resolutely refused to allow us to photograph his somewhat rare, Grade II listed pigsty. "I'm afraid he wasn't at all keen to have it

listed," Peter explained, "and he was quite taken aback when he realized he had absolutely no choice in the matter. I try to be as diplomatic as I can. Some people are delighted at the prospect of having their house listed. Aesthetics apart, it can greatly increase the market value and those alterations that are allowed are VAT-free. But others would as soon set the dog on you. What I dread is starting the day with a sign that reads 'proceed at your own risk', or on one terrifying occasion, 'beware of the stallion'.

But thorough is the fieldworker's middle name. "Things are often not what they seem," Peter warned me. "Features that indicate age—doors, stone mullions, even date-stones—may have been added and have nothing to do with the original structure. Or it can work the other way. A modern-looking house might have a half-timbered roof, indicating that it was once thatched. Now in this particular case it was the pitch of the roof that gave me the clue." We were in Cheadle, standing in an ordinary suburban street, outside a disused sports shop, a single-storey, ramshackle structure with badly rendered walls and an unfortunate modern extension tacked on one end. It had no listable qualities that I could detect. "Look here," said Peter, pointing to a 3 inch strip of stone that ran into a small stone plinth at the base of the wall. "Now that's a sure indication of a cruck frame. It took me a few visits to get inside but what we are looking at is a fine example of a 17th-century cruck-framed tithe barn."

Looking does not always provide the answers. Research takes up a good deal of a fieldworker's time. Peter had recommended a house in the village of Ashworth Fold and then in a very old book he found mention of a dated, 1695 sundial in the garden of the house. "I couldn't remember seeing it so I went back. I found it completely overgrown with honeysuckle. The owners have cleared it away a bit so you can just see the top, but the date-stone is still invisible."

Late in the afternoon we climbed to the stone-built village of Dobcross, near Oldham, and as we walked around its narrow, twisting streets Peter enthused over its layout. "Isn't it splendid? This is what we mean by buildings listed for their group value. Some of the humblest can be the most fascinating—they are so tied up with the social and economic history of the place. You can tell these are weavers' cottages by that continuous line of windows

along the top storey. They gave the light needed for weaving, the work-force lived underneath."

To my surprise Peter had recommended a whole hillside terrace except the house in the centre, a handsome, recently-restored, stone building. He shook his head. "It's much later than the others. It looks very pleasing, I admit. But a building of that date, say 1860, has to be really special and it doesn't measure up."

On our way back to town we stopped briefly at a block of stables built in the shadow of an imposing church. "Now that's quite rare," said Peter pointing to the small skull and crossbones above one of the stable doors. "The three on the left are normal stables but that one is a hearse house. Around the time it was built, the church in a well-off parish had to provide accommodation for the hearse. I've found only one other example in the area."

It is clear that Peter Bell finds the business of listing wholeheartedly worthwhile. He summed it up very simply. "The resurvey is absolutely essential—it's the only way we can ensure that the countryside will be recognized by future generations."

To find a building that spans the entire history of English architecture and encompasses almost all the principals of selection I continued north to Lancashire, and to Lancaster in particular. Its castle is probably the oldest prison in Europe and apart from two breaks between 1643 and 1648 and 1916 and 1954 it has been used as such since 1196. Of Her Majesty's 22 listed prisons, it is the only one to be listed Grade I in its entirety.

On security grounds, prisons present the fieldworker with obvious problems of access. But at Lancaster they are just proud of their castle. Many of the prison staff take a keen interest in its history and are delighted to assist in the resurvey. Prisons can be vulnerable in terms of redevelopment. Many were built to specifications not at all in line with today's idea of humane confinement. At Lancaster its Grade I listing has kept the oldest parts intact.

The castle's foundations date from the Roman hill-fort established by Agricola in AD 95. The oldest cell, a cramped, lightless and airless room, is in the base of the late-11th-century Norman keep, which was heightened in 1585 when the Spanish Armada threatened. Across the courtyard a rare, left-handed spiral staircase rises above the well dungeon where, legend has it, the Lancashire witches were kept. One of the difficulties in resurveying. →



Left: Once derelict, Liverpool's Albert Dock is England's largest group of Grade I listed buildings. Below: Dobcross, an 18th-century weaving village.

Many houses are listed for their group value and their historic importance to the social and economic life of a district.



Above: Royd House in Hale, Cheshire, has been recommended for Grade I listing. It was designed by Edgar Wood and completed in 1914. Right: Halewood—another of Wood's designs. Built in 1891, also in Hale, it is a prime example of "arts and crafts" architecture. It is listed Grade II*.



LISTED BUILDINGS

»→ a building of this age is separating fact from fiction. A room in the imposing, early-15th-century John of Gaunt gatehouse gives an insight into the comparative comfort enjoyed by 19th-century debtors. Their quarters were a chamber of drawing-room proportions. More austere are the cells of K Wing, still in use, a semi-polygonal building, designed in 1818 by Thomas Gandy, an architect at one time imprisoned for debt.

Not all of the castle lies behind locked doors. The adjoining courts with the magnificent Shire Hall, designed by Thomas Harrison, are open to the public.

Listing has left a very positive mark on the English landscape. Countless buildings of national importance have outlived their original use and have fallen into a state of decay. Without listing, many would, in all likelihood, have been demolished. The tendency now is to find an alternative use for them, in line with 20th-century life. Liverpool's Albert Dock—England's largest group of Grade I listed buildings—was for years a derelict collection of Victorian warehouses. Protected from demolition, it is now being redeveloped into an exciting environment that will provide housing, shops, commerce and leisure facilities.

Many Grade I stately homes, no longer viable as dwellings for a single family, are being sensitively divided into smaller units. In Northamptonshire a magnificent classical Grade I house, Compton Verney, was at a critical point of decay when work started to convert it into a hotel. Its demolition would have lost us the work of Vanbrugh, Gibbs, Adam and Capability Brown. On a broader scale, councils that have gone all out to preserve their architecture, such as York and Chester, are reaping the rewards of increased tourism.

Future generations face the difficulty of listing modern buildings. At present eligibility stops at 1939. Scotland has a different system whereby any building over 30 years old qualifies. There are no plans to introduce this in England. "Modern architecture tends to be somewhat controversial" was the cryptic comment from the Department of the Environment.

But has it not always been so? The howls of protest which went up when Battersea Power Station was threatened with demolition had been matched only once before—by the outcry when it was first built. Will we live to see Centre Point listed? A Society for the Protection of Spaghetti Junction? Probably. There is a word for it—progress○



Left: The tiny lighthouse in Glasson Dock, Lancashire, is listed Grade II because of its historical importance as the first wet-dock in the new county of Lancashire. Built in the late 18th century, its slate roof is now covered in felt.

Below: Marple hearse house, early 19th century and listed Grade II.

Contained within a stable block, its door has a small skull and crossbones above it signifying that it accommodated the hearse.





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CLAY IN THEIR HANDS

To greater foreign than domestic applause, Britain has produced a large school of outstandingly able studio potters. Dazzled by the available choice, Claire Frankel talked to six of them. Photographs by Patrick Shanahan.

British ceramics have made it. No longer the stock-in-trade of the village craft shop or hidden on the back shelves of gift departments, the work of the best British potters has acquired a world market. Courted by collectors, the outstanding potters sell their work as soon as it emerges from the kiln—or even sooner, and it can fetch fine art prices. At a recent auction a Hans Coper pot sold for over £15,000.

Success has been a long time firing. Bernard Leach, the guru of contemporary British pottery, would have been shocked as well as amazed. He saw himself as practising a "craft" and believed in selling cheaply to make this craft accessible to everyone. He did his best, producing some 100,000 pieces.

Although today's leading studio potters have followed a different path, Leach's philosophy, practical and spiritual, provided the necessary lead for his successors.

"Creative art invariably expresses the spirit of its age," wrote Leach, in *A Potter's Book* more than 40 years ago, "and ours is one which, despite its indecision, is feeling towards a human synthesis. We are being forced both individually and nationally to review the past and select from it the best."

This process of review and selection goes on in all the arts; but clay is more universal than any other medium and has been used in one form or another from the time neolithic man fired his first crude hand-shaped vessel. As the artist manipulates and transforms this piece of damp earth into vessel or sculpture, it becomes his personal artistic expression, his identification with the disciplined tradition of pot makers.

Until the late 19th century,

English potters did not work on one object from day through glazing and firing. Each function was specialized. If you made the form, someone else decorated it.

Probably the first British studio potters, who produced individual artifacts from start to finish were the four Martin brothers. The youngest, Edwin, working between about 1897 and 1912, belonged to that group of art potters who were finding new ways to express themselves away from the mass-producing bone china factories. Along with Charles Brannan, called by some the finest 19th-century potter, and William de Morgan who produced lustre ware, Edwin was unwittingly preparing the ground for Bernard Leach. After 11 years in the Orient, Leach returned to England in 1929 with a Japanese potter named Shoji Hamada with whom he had worked, and they set up the famous pottery at St Ives in Cornwall.

In the late 1920s, English pottery was dominated by two people. Leach and William Staite Murray. Like the Martin Brothers, Murray thought of himself as an artist who chose clay, each form thus being a unique work of art, to be sold in a fine art gallery with other artists such as Hepworth and Moore and at comparable prices. Leach's view was the reverse. Murray seemed to be winning when he was appointed as head of the Ceramics Department of the Royal College of Art, a post Leach (and others) felt should have been his. But in the end the victory was Leach's when the Depression destroyed the costly end of the market; and by 1939 Murray had left for Rhodesia, never to pot again.

Bernard Leach was the catalyst of the rebirth of craft pottery in this country, perhaps in the world. He

taught that pottery was a fulfilling, spiritual way of life, an expression of individuality, and drew on both Eastern and British traditions in his work. Nowadays his popularity with students and collectors has slipped from its pinnacle. Ian Henry, who owns the Casson Gallery, says, "Leach has had his ups and downs with British collectors. The Japanese have always collected him but some of our young potters haven't appreciated him. They want something more 'modern'."

This shift can perhaps be traced to the arrival of Lucie Rie from Austria in 1938 and Hans Coper a year later from Germany. They brought a European, urban concept of studio pottery which was in direct conflict with Bernard Leach's rustic conditioning. Coper's later sculptural forms, the finest flower of his genius, have the simplicity of the Bauhaus tradition. Rie's style, built on training in Vienna at the *Werkstätte*, became well known for its elegance of form and cross-hatched decoration.

Most pottery experts agree that the "Big Five" influences in contemporary British ceramics have been Bernard Leach, Shoji Hamada, Michael Cardew (probably Leach's most famous pupil), Hans Coper and Lucie Rie, the only survivor. With six mentors, it is not surprising that British ceramics have steadily climbed to world recognition in the last 10 years. The next generation, potters such as Gordon Baldwin, Judith Fritsch, Ewen Henderson, Judith Trim and Martin Smith, follow the Coper-Rie tradition, each working in his or her own style. Their quality has been more appreciated abroad than in England.

The first retrospective exhibition of British 20th-century ceramics was held in London in autumn 1980. It

covered the work of 42 potters over 80 years and is regarded as a milestone. Outside this country, particularly in the USA, Japan, Germany and Holland, the value of British ceramics was recognized sooner. The climate in Britain was such that only a decade ago the native museums, galleries and collectors had barely nudged aside that tired conundrum "Is it art or is it craft?" long enough to look squarely at a pot, recognize its beauty and buy it. Yet in his foreword to the catalogue of the 1980 show, historian Ian Bennett claimed

that studio ceramics constituted Britain's only major contribution to 20th-century art, "certainly the only British movement (as opposed to individuals) to have any international influence at all."

There was also a prevalent view that ceramics should be utilitarian. Happily, the Victoria and Albert Museum did not share that view and has built a collection of over 800 pieces of studio ceramics. The Crafts Council shop there, run for the last three years by Clare Ick, had a turnover of £160,000 last year, much of it

Octogenarian Lucie Rie, who starts her day at 5.30 am, charms all with her anxious, naive concern with fulfilling orders.

realized from sales of ceramic art. There is tremendous interest in studio pottery here now. Cyril Frankel, for the past five years ceramics advisor to Christie's, sees a distinct upward movement, with the price of some Coper and Rie pieces quadrupling in the last five years. Frankel

feels that Sir Robert and Lady Sainsbury are the unsung heroes of this reappraisal through their sponsorship of two exhibitions at the Sainsbury Centre in Norwich, plus the television film and 80th birthday Victoria & Albert exhibition of Lucie Rie. In July, 1984, the Fischer Fine Art

Gallery held a large retrospective exhibition of the work of Lucie Rie and Hans Coper. Although Gimpel Fils have shown the work of one ceramicist, James Tower, for the past 30 years, Fischer is the first fine art gallery in London to take a wider interest in contemporary pottery. Anita Besson, a director of Fischer, feels that showing ceramics in an art gallery is making a statement. "It's not what the object is that makes it art, it's the quality. There is no borderline between art and craft," Ms Besson feels that "the



→ prices of paintings and sculptures have gone so high, it can't just be a love of those pieces: there must be an investment motive there now. This isn't necessary with pots. Many Americans attended that summer show and bought.

Last year a group of American collectors, shown around by the Crafts Council, spent £10,000 in one week, some of it in the British Craft Centre. Tatjana Mandel, director of ICC, told me they do a kind of mail-order business for American clients who want photographs sent over, giving details of size, colour and cost, with her personal choice. Thirty or 40 of their 500 potters are sold in this way. Alison Britten, Gordon Baldwin and Martin Smith being the most successful.

Anatol Orient, from Chicago, runs a successful gallery here mainly devoted to potters. He feels that the vessel aesthetic is especially English and does not have the same importance in America, which favours more sculptural forms. "There's no east coast/west coast potter image here and the artists aren't working for a market as they do in America: if Memphis colours are in in Chicago, that's the glaze of the week there. England is not a country filled with people who say, 'Let's be weird, let's be different.'"

The compactness of England contributes to the cohesiveness of British pottery. Potters can get together easily, responses to ideas are quick. Most exhibitions and studios throughout the country are accessible. According to John Gibson, a writer and potter, "We have a low-tech approach: kilns are held together with faith. We're 10 years behind but we feel a terrific historical responsibility. You could say we're a community of magpies with a deep emotional commitment."

LUCIE RIE

She is 84, small, has short white hair, usually wears white trousers and shoes and has an air of sensible contentment about her. She lives in her original Albion Mews cottage with her pottery works downstairs and her immaculate, precise living area above it. The tea pot, cups and saucers are the elegant products of her collaboration with her most famous pupil, Hans Coper, the cake is another example of her oven artistry.

She reminisces: "I was not so much influenced by the art school, [in Vienna] as by a small country museum on the border of Hungary where there are Roman pots in the museum and maybe five Chinese pots that influenced me. My teaching in Vienna was looked those beautiful glazes. You will never be able to do that." It was a great incentive. And I did it."

When she came to England in

Elizabeth Fritsch believes
if you think too
hard about what you're
doing it can
become contrived... just
let it happen.

1938 Lucie's work met almost unanimous disapproval, for example from Muriel Rose who owned the little Gallery in London, Staité Murray at the Royal College and from Bernard Leach. "He was the great master and he knew quite a lot and was a severe critic. When he criticized a pot there was nothing left of it. He disliked my work very much but he invited me to come to Dartington to work with him for a week. I was absolutely delighted and impressed by his work and the method that England knew and Austria didn't: everything—firing, glazes—all were on a much higher standard here. What the British do, they do well. I stayed the week and I made very bad pots, trying to make them thicker and very crisp. Bernard said, 'They're too papery.' Then Hans came and he said I was mad, that I should make my own pots again, so I did. Afterwards, Bernard liked them."

Lucie has learned a lot here, she says, sitting quiet upright in the British potter's chair. "I can't explain. The British mind is very good; the Austrian mind is not. It's not very straight, it's not very deep, it's not very considerate. Of course there are always exceptions, but it's a murky country for me. When the war was over and people started to visit from Vienna, they told me how they starved, how they were bombed, what a terrible time it was for them. Nobody asked me, 'How was it with you?' It was interesting. The British are a much more caring people."

At 84 Lucie is rather annoyed that her work pattern seems to have altered. She gets up at about 5.30 in the morning and starts the day with a cup of tea. Then she does some housework and cooking, settling down to work at about 9 o'clock. Breaks come during the day when collectors, museum directors, students come to see her. She seems to have time for everyone and muses, in her humble way, "how very nice it is that people take the time to come". She gets tired in the evening and sometimes has to stop at 8 o'clock.

Lucie still has her order book and charms everyone by her anxious concern with fulfilling a specific order, rather than accepting her own unquestioned supremacy, throwing her pots and presenting whatever work she completes with the sure knowledge that everything she makes will be purchased immediately. Janet Leach, Bernard Leach's widow and an established



potter herself, wrote that Lucie's "skills are so profound that her work appears simpler and simpler, while in fact becoming more and more complex".

How does Lucie Rie see it? "I'm always experimenting, in glazes mainly. Shapes come by themselves; I don't do anything with them. I don't really want to make a new shape. If I make one, it makes itself. It evolves. I don't think about method or glazes or change. I don't think about anything except what I'm doing. That's quite enough. I make pots."

ELIZABETH FRITSCH

Pictures of her show an ethereal, almost otherworldly, languid posture, her pots giving off a surrealistic aura, born of a complicated and highly intelligent artist. Elizabeth Fritsch sees herself as a "painter who makes pots".

The rhythm of music is reflected

The Germans have been
beating a path to
the door of Eton teacher
Gordon Baldwin
more enthusiastically than
the English.

Putting one clay coil on
top of another,
sealing as she goes, Judy
Trim takes a
week to make a pot with
300 coils.

myself cooking and playing the piano, resisting anything to do with academic activity." So she went to the Birmingham School of Music and then to the Royal College of Music. "I thought of becoming a performer but in London I started gravitating toward the visual arts, and took up watercolours." It was after she married and was pregnant that a friend gave her some clay and she started building on the kitchen table, just for something to do. She took to it and by the time her baby son was a year old, she was quite good at coiling (making forms out of coils of clay).

Learning that the Royal College of Art had a crèche and being desperate for a kiln, Liz tried unsuccessfully to enter by submitting some watercolours and some underlined pots. The following year she was in.

Hans Coper was her teacher. "He was absolutely geared to your needs and never made any generalizations or laid down laws or rules—the opposite of Bernard Leach. Hans adapted to your personality. He'd take a year finding out what you were about and didn't want me to reject them." Her first solo show at the Crafts Council gallery in 1974 marked her as "the leader of her generation." But her output has been minimal



that put your teeth on edge, they look so fragile. He told me they were hysterical-looking, but later he said he loved the absurdity of them and didn't want me to reject them."

Her first solo show at the Crafts Council gallery in 1974 marked her as "the leader of her generation." But her output has been minimal

recently, due to the birth of a baby girl five years ago. When she started potting again in 1984, Fritsch worked in a hall room in an old Regency house and is now moving into an East End warehouse. She loves space, and while working "prefers the contemplative method. I switch off the intellectual side of my brain. Something inconsequential like the radio helps switch off. If you think too hard about what you're doing, it becomes too tense and precious and can become contrived. It's better just to let it happen."

JUDY TRIM

We sit in a lovely, warm, light-filtered kitchen, her infant son in his nearby basket, content. It has not been easy, this last anxious year, awaiting his arrival and trying to work. But all is now well.

Looking back to her days at the Bath Academy of Arts at Corsham, Judy Trim was inspired by the team of James Tower and John Colbeck. She had loved painting and went to teachers' training college, choosing ceramics ("very non U at that time") as her secondary subject. She had to look at real objects, bunches of real carrots and cabbages, a rabbit tucked under the arm. All that observation was training, and has stood her in good stead. There she learned simple hand-building techniques and was given a love for the material. "James [Tower] put me off looking at Ber-

nard Leach because he took from Japanese culture. James was passionately English and was anti-Leach's work, so I was looking at nature and traditional English work: Coper, Rie, early Baldwin, Ian Auld. Simplicity, sticking with certain forms."

For the next 10 years, while teaching, Judy carried a sack of clay with her from place to place, making perhaps one pot a year. Always in the back of her mind was the dream that she would work on her own one day. In a marriage that was sterile for seven years, she found herself making empty, fragile, pierced pieces "like the marriage." Along the way, she met Liz Fritsch, who was an inspiration.

Judy works by putting one clay coil on top of another, usually with a layer of slip (liquid clay) to seal the inside, smoothing and scraping as she goes. Each coil takes about 20 minutes, so a pot with 300 coils will be a week in the making. The pot dries slowly from the bottom up and if it is going to be burnished (polished with a pebble or the back of a metal spoon, giving it a sheen), the burnish must be applied as the pot is being built. The finished ceramics (very non U at that time) as her secondary subject. She had to look at real objects, bunches of real carrots and cabbages, a rabbit tucked under the arm. All that observation was training, and has stood her in good stead. There she learned simple hand-building techniques and was given a love for the material. "James [Tower] put me off looking at Ber-

Prescote Gallery in Oxfordshire in 1980, followed by other openings, among them another solo at the BCC in 1982 and at Anatol Orient's

Music and religion
have strongly
influenced the work of
Ewen Henderson
who describes his pots
as Celtic.

»→ mixed exhibition in 1984. Last year her work went to Boston where it was an enormous success.

But working against time towards a show is murder for her. "I'm only happy if I've got all the time in the world and can just sit there and control the shape. I like the form to dictate to me: the pot takes over and one has to be relaxed and let it."

GORDON BALDWIN

"I'm odd. I never saw why anybody should buy anything I've done. I've always been hugely grateful when people buy, and still am. I still feel every time I sell a piece it's the last piece I'll ever sell. I'm not a political animal. The young are more concerned with selling."

Gordon Baldwin talks easily in the crowded excitement of his studio, surrounded by vessels of various sizes and degrees of finish. He spent two years at art school (the Central) where he was going to be a painter but slipped sideways into making things with clay, the two running side by side. Then he started to drop the other, "hanging up my palette".

Sitting on a high stool, gently painting a once-fired vessel, he muses about Bernard Leach. "He was somebody you couldn't ignore. For a long time potting was done in his mould, but you didn't have to go along. He generated an idea of activity but I tried to get round him in some way." In the mid 50s art schools had a staff of one to every three students and there was a lot of excitement and mix into the melting pot. "If you establish an exciting atmosphere with energetic people, it's self-perpetuating—a self-generating thing." A young Eton student (where Baldwin teaches full-time) pops up to inquire if there is room in next term's class. "Sorry, it's full."

For years gallery owners in Germany bothered to come over, see his work, get it out, organize it. English directors would say, send us slides, we've no time to come out all that way. People abroad knew more about his work than do the English.

Gordon completes the original form of his pot, then extends that form through colour and texture, which he finds is the most difficult stage. He fires, then mulls, may add



College of Art in the mid 70s but it was not until the Leeds Touring Show in 1981 that he had his first major exposure in England. He has been showing regularly in Holland (from his one-man show in Amsterdam, a piece was bought for a Rotterdam museum), Germany and the USA. He thinks the market is not big enough to be showing here all the time, but is encouraged by interest from galleries and auction houses.

EWEN HENDERSON

"I don't feel I really belong here. It's the country I was born in, it's the place I live, the language I speak, but it's arbitrary. I don't feel any spiritual affinity for the English or Englishness." Most of the art he likes is religious art: he is a religious person without religion. For him, that is the dilemma of our age. We are dispossessed people.

Ewen Henderson stretches his long frame on the yellow sofa. The room mirrors his personality: pieces of his own work and those of potters he admires, shards and ceramic bits from one century and another, books, tapes of music, watercolours. And most of all, enthusiasm.

"Lots of people now are trying to break into what they would call a sort of fine art world. That's not my aim at all. I want to create an almost independent art form with as much validity as painting and sculpture have, but it's an autonomous activity. I don't want to make ceramic sculpture. Nine times out of 10 it's just sub-culture, discarded ideas from the fine art world that weren't good to start with. Ceramics is open to a new sort of development, not attempted before."

Music is important in his life and one evening, feeling very mellow, while listening to Schubert, he turned to a book of Bonnard, who seemed to be using colour with a Schubertian lightness of touch. "I want to make a statement where the pattern is the form, where the two are not divisible. It works, it looks inevitable in some mysterious way, and the more mysterious, the better. The more logically inevitable it looks, the more it has failed."

Henderson was academically trained. His first pots were thrown on the wheel and he has made thousands of them in the Chinese, Japanese, or Egyptian styles. His work stems from that ceramic vocabulary, but it has gone further and further away from it.

Somebody said that all great art is national: when you look at Matisse you know he was French and you know Picasso was Spanish. What was Henderson? "My pots aren't English, no. But they might be Celtic. They're not Saxon. Celtic. Yes, that's it."

on, then fires again, up to six times, building up the piece like a painting.

"One of the platforms from which I work is the whole history of pot making and the other one is the history of modern art. Maybe one of the things that attracts me is that sensation of connexion—all 9,000 years of clay-making. I'm a 20th-century person but I want to avoid doing something that dates, that gets stuck in a particular period. I think in the current climate of opinion, I'd call myself an artist who happens to work in clay."



Martin Smith strives
for precision
of form, quality of
line and
accuracy of surface in
all he does.

MARTIN SMITH

Martin Smith strives for the precision of form, quality of line and accuracy of surface which he feels is common to everything he has done. At the same time his work shows an awareness of the developing English tradition and a concern with the vessel, the contained space inside and outside. "If you go back to early Wedgwood, the way the clay is cut, machined and manipulated in that particular way, and mounted on lathes, turned and burnished in a leather-hard state, that's closest to my way of working now."

First he cuts a silhouette in newspaper, which he uses as a pattern for a three-dimensional papier-mâché model. From that he produces a plaster mould which he fills with clay. This is the outside of his piece. The inside is formed by forcing another plaster mould vertically into the body of the clay. The clay is then cut from the mould in sections, the edges ground to fit and then glued together and underglazed. When they are re-fired, the glue burns out and they are reglued. It is an involved process but it is the best way of getting the result he wants.

"I don't feel any particular allegiance to any way I work in clay. I always feel it's the idea that comes first, then you make it in the most appropriate way and if the standard technique doesn't exist, you develop a way of working to achieve it."

Martin was a student at the Royal



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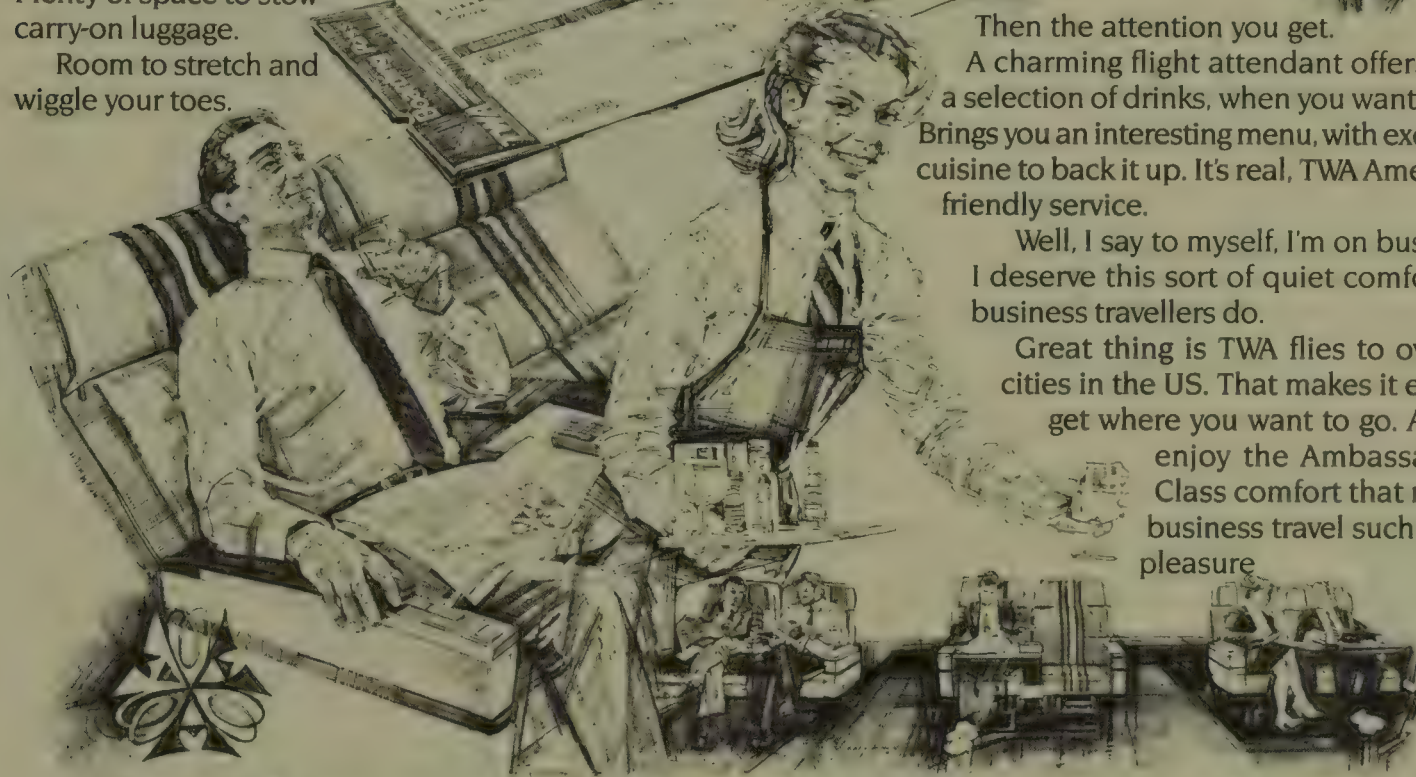


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MOTOR SHOW 1986

Stuart Marshall assesses the latest trends and

reports on the most interesting cars that will be on display in Birmingham.

Traditionally, the Motor Show has always been the shop-window of the British motor industry. However, apart from the Rover Group, Britain no longer has a volume manufacturer of its own. Ford, Vauxhall and Peugeot-Talbot all have UK plants but they are multi-national companies and do not necessarily look to the British show as the place at which to unveil their latest products. Frankfurt, Paris or Geneva are more likely venues. The remaining British car makers—Jaguar, Land-Rover, Lotus and Rolls-Royce—are pygmies on the world scale, though with a status that is out of all proportion to their size.

So the British International Motor Show at the National Exhibition Centre in Birmingham has become just one of a number of similar events. It lacks the mightiness of Frankfurt, which really is the German motor industry's display case, and for dazzling novelty it cannot compare with Tokyo. But it does provide a meeting place for vehicle assemblers, component suppliers and the general public.

Motorists do not go to motor shows, cheque book in hand, to buy new cars. That can still be done at Motorcars, the London-based event which alternates every other year with the Motor Show at the NEC.

What makes the Motor Show unique, however, is that it concentrates virtually every car available to British buyers on a single site. It also gives British motorists an opportunity to see

the concept cars of the world's major manufacturers—cars that will not be in the showrooms for some years, if ever, but which indicate the way automotive technology is moving.

Only on the unrestricted sections of the West German autobahns is it possible legally to exploit the full performance of a modest family car. The most liberal speed limits are in Italy, where up to 87mph is allowed on the autostrada, depending on the car's cylinder capacity. France allows 81mph—providing it is not raining—and our own 70mph looks generous by comparison with Norway's 50mph motorway limit.

And yet the rush to squeeze more and more performance out of engines continues unabated. Efficiency has also been improved to the point at which the new Citroën AX, for example, has a fuel consumption of 74.2mpg at a constant 50mph and even a large five-seat executive car is expected to do better than 35mpg if driven at moderate speeds. Electronic ignition needs so little attention and lubricants are so long-lasting that many cars now require servicing only once a year or every 15,000 miles, whichever comes first.

Four main paths are being followed by car makers in their efforts to increase the performance and economy of their products. The replacement of the carburettor by fuel-injection systems is the most important. Turbocharging and, to a lesser extent, supercharging are being widely employed to increase an engine's power output and its ability to pull hard in high gear. And multi-valve cylinder heads are beginning to enjoy a vogue because they provide many of the benefits of supercharging without the complications.

Fuel injection, once reserved for the most expensive models, is now available on the sportier versions of family saloons and hatchbacks. It makes cold start-

ing more certain and improves exhaust emissions as well as raising engine efficiency throughout the speed range. Indeed, the carburettor seems destined to disappear from all but the cheapest and most basic cars within the next 10 years.

To get more power out of the fuel-injected engine, its breathing has to be improved. It must suck in air to mix with the fuel, and expel its exhaust gases, as freely as possible. Turbocharging and positive displacement supercharging are two popular ways of introducing extra air into the cylinders so that more petrol may be burned to produce added power.

Turbocharging, pioneered by Saab more than 10 years ago, is the most popular method. Its main drawback of a slight delay between demanding extra power and actually getting it—the so-called throttle lag—has largely, though not entirely, been overcome. It seems as though turbocharging will be offered on more and more cars in future as the EEC exhaust emission regulations bite. They bear more harshly on cars with engines of more than 1.4 litres capacity. So, to avoid fitting the catalytic converters needed with larger engines, the car makers may well use engines of less than 1.4 litres but add a turbocharger to boost output. Audi, Bentley, Citroën, Fiat, Ford, Lotus, Peugeot, Porsche, Rover, Saab and Volvo all offer turbocharging as standard on certain models, as do most of the Japanese manufacturers.

Positive displacement supercharging is another method of increasing power output and this has the advantage of boosting performance from idling speed. As a result, a supercharged car gains greatly in flexibility as well as going faster. Lancia and Volkswagen use such systems.

The fourth alternative, the multi-valve cylinder head, is commonly found on Japanese cars like Honda and Toyota which have three or four valves per cylinder instead of the customary two. Some, like the new

Mazda 323 4x4 have fuel injection, four valves per cylinder and turbocharging for the ultimate in power output. Jaguar and Rover have chosen four-valve heads for their latest luxury cars, the new XJ-6 (described on page 48) and the 800 respectively.

All this power has, of course, to be put safely on to the road and this has become a considerable problem, especially with the "hot hatchbacks"—the highly-tuned versions of small/medium family cars like the VW Golf GTi, Ford Escort RS Turbo and Vauxhall Astra—as well as the turbocharged executive models like the Fiat Croma, MG Montego and Saab 900.

A tyre has only so much grip. If too much of it is used to put engine power on to the road surface during acceleration, not enough will be left to provide steering force or cornering grip. As a result a front-wheel-driven car will tend to plough straight on instead of negotiating a curve. A rear-wheel-driven car will lose grip at the back and become so unstable that it may spin.

Vauxhall has been the first few years to fit fat, ultra-low-profile tyres to cars with any pretensions of performance. This has resulted from the need to put more rubber on the road and match engine power with added grip. It has been successful, but there are limits to what even the finest and fastest tyre can do. Two solutions are possible. The first is to spread the engine's driving force among four wheels instead of two. The second is to reduce the engine's power as soon as the driving wheels start slipping.

Audi began the rush to four-wheel drive for powerful road-going cars when its Quattro coupé was introduced in the late 1970s and fast motoring has not been the same since. The sheer ease and safety of finding a four-wheel-driven car on wet or snowy roads has to be experienced to be believed. All Audi models, including the latest 900 saloon, may have Quattro perma-

nently engaged four-wheel drive as standard or optional equipment.

Audis are basically front-wheel-driven cars that have been converted to four-wheel drive by extending the drive line from the gearbox to the rear wheels. They have a centre differential to allow front and rear wheels to travel different distances (as they do in curves) without creating stresses in the transmission. This is essential if a four-wheel-driven car is to operate on hard, dry surfaces without suffering excess tyre wear or developing handling peculiarities.

This type of four-wheel drive must not be confused with the simpler and cheaper "on demand" system used to improve traction on mud or snow by such makers as Subaru, Fiat, Toyota and Alfa Romeo. It merely allows power to be switched to the rear wheels as well as the front ones when the car would otherwise come to a stop. On demand or selectable four-wheel drive does wonders for grip on snow-covered hills but is not suitable for high-performance cars.

Vauxhall has an excellent permanent all-wheel drive system called Synchro which is offered on both the Golf hatchback (though not yet in Britain) and on the big, rear-engined Transporter. This not only prevents stress from developing in the transmission but also apportions the power between front and back wheels according to the amount of grip the tyres are finding on a slippery surface.

Ford, whose medium and large cars are all rear-wheel-drive, has evolved a four-wheel drive system for the Sierra and Granada (Scorpio) models that puts one-third of the engine's power to the front wheels, two-thirds to the rear. It preserves a conventional handling balance and makes these cars feel uncannily secure at all times regardless of road surface. BMW has something similar, though it is not yet offered with right-hand drive.

An alternative, electronic method of reducing the power a tyre is asked

to transmit to avoid wheelspin is being pursued by Mercedes-Benz, Volvo and Saab. The number of revolutions the front and rear wheels are making are continuously monitored. As soon as the driven wheels start turning faster than the non-driven ones, the power delivery is reduced. This may be achieved by curbing the engine's output, braking the slipping wheel or a combination of the two.

In effect, electronic traction control is like ABS braking in reverse and it uses a similar control system. Ford, most courageously, decided to make ABS a standard fitment on all Grandas when the new model was introduced last year. It has since offered a simpler system on the Escort as an optional extra. ABS, which normally adds up to £1,000 to the price of a car, will spread rapidly in the next year or two from high-cost luxury models (like Mercedes, which pioneered it, and BMW) to mid range and cheaper cars. Both Citroën and Peugeot will shortly feature it on the BX and 505 models.

There has been much progress with automatic transmission systems, though the continuously variable transmission for small, cheap cars disappointingly hangs fire. Whereas the conventional automatic transmission used to have three speeds and a hydraulic torque converter that slipped wastefully in high gear, a typical modern automatic now has four speeds and a mechanical lock-up in top. Automatics, like those fitted to the new Jaguar, to BMWs, Mercedes, Rovers and many others are now so fuel efficient that there seems little point any more in having a manual gearbox unless most of one's driving is on motorways.

The continuously variable transmission (CVT) is a development of the crude system first seen in Dutch DAF cars more than 20 years ago. In theory it will give equal performance and better fuel economy plus the benefits of two-pedal control to cars like the Ford Fiesta or Fiat Uno. But there have been great problems in manufacturing the special



BENTLEY TURBO R

The Bentley Turbo R is an extraordinary car. Outwardly, it is little different from its Rolls-Royce and Bentley stablemates though the light alloy wheels and the ultra-Pirelli tyres hint at added performance. The R in its name stands for roadholding and the Turbo has more of it than any Rolls-Royce or Bentley previously made. No one officially knows the output of its fuel-injected and turbocharged V8 of 6,750cc capacity though an educated guess puts it at 330 horsepower. At all events it is sufficient to accelerate this 2½ ton luxury motor car from a standstill to 60mph in less than seven seconds and enables it to cruise at 130mph and more.

Silence at speed is what one expects of a Bentley but this one handles in a way no Bentley has before. At the cost of a very slight coarsening of the ride and a marginal increase in road-induced noise, the stiffened suspension allows the Turbo R to be whistled round tight bends in a manner familiar to a BMW or Mercedes driver.

Despite this agility and its higher speed potential than the standard

Rolls-Royce or Bentley models, the Turbo R is self-effacing as the town carriage and supremely easy to drive. The automatic air conditioning system that costs more than a small family car ensures the driver remains cool and comfortable.

For 1987 the Turbo R, like many other Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars, has acquired electronically controlled anti-lock brakes for safe stopping on very slippery surfaces, and seat controls that remember four chosen positions. The "R" pack of beefed-up suspension, sharper steering and ultra-low-profile tyres on alloy wheels is not offered on any other Rolls-Royce or Bentley product, nor is the performance-boosting turbocharger.

The evolution of the Bentley Turbo R is all part of a campaign to create a different image for the Bentley. This involves the development of a genuinely different strain within a breed. At the moment the only outward sign that the Turbo R is rather special is its radiator shell, which is painted to match the coachwork, and an aerodynamic drag at higher speeds.





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► steel-linked belt which is at the heart of the system. CVT remains for the moment a promising future development.

The car with only four wheels instead of five is also for the future. Some makers like Volkswagen and Audi have taken to selling cars with four normal wheels and tyres plus a minispare in the boot. The minispare is a spare wheel that is smaller than the normal wheel, fitted with a narrow, high-pressure tyre. It saves space in the boot, weighs less and is cheaper. A get-you-home device, it is intended for limited use at reduced speed. If the maker's instructions are followed it is perfectly safe. Minispare has been widely used everywhere except Britain and Switzerland for many years. Controversy surrounded the minispare but has now died down.

Ultimately, a tyre/wheel system that will allow the spare wheel to be discarded will appear, but it is several years away. Attempts so far to develop a tyre that performs satisfactorily fully inflated but can still be used when flat have not been wholly successful. Even though properly maintained tyres are so reliable that a roadside wheel change is a rare occurrence, a back-up is still demanded. Limited run-in capability—as enjoyed by owners of the latest Jaguars—is another sensible expedient. The tyre/wheel system with almost unlimited (run-flat) capability is waiting in the wings but will not appear for several years, and then initially only on small, light cars.

CAD and CAM—the initials stand for computer aided design and computer aided manufacture—have made all cars lighter, safer, easier to produce and cheaper to maintain though, it has to be said, at the cost of some individuality. One small family hatchback does tend to look very much like another nowadays. A further benefit of computer design has been the evolution of shapes that combine maximum interior space with optimum aerodynamics. The architecture of a car is crucially important, especially at higher speeds at which aerodynamic drag consumes more energy than mechanical friction or the rolling resistance of the tyres.

As a result of aerodynamic studies, such new saloons as the Renault 21 have lower wind resistance, with all its energy-saving benefits, than the futuristic-looking "concept cars" displayed at motor shows a decade ago.

Aerodynamically effective styling, plus the flush-fitting window glass favoured by such makes as Audi, also reduces wind roar, which can be so irritating on a motorway when you are trying to enjoy the radio or cassette player. There is still scope for reducing tyre noise.

With the exception of a few limited volume cars like Lotus and Reliant, sheet steel, increasingly

JAGUAR XJ-6

The new Jaguar XJ-6, Sovereign and Daimler could be called the mixture as before but that would be a cynical way of describing the world's best collection of luxury cars at down-to-earth prices.

Jaguar has always succeeded by producing cars with refinement, performance and furnishings that can be compared only with those of, say, Rolls-Royce, though at a cost that puts them within reach of senior managers rather than millionaires.

The late Sir William Lyons who created Jaguar Cars and made them world famous in his lifetime, did not live to see the launch of the new range, which has been known and talked about for the last three years as the XJ-40. He would have been very proud of it because the new cars are directly descended from his own designs and entirely reflect his philosophy that a car needs grace, space and pace.

Jaguars have always had grace and pace; space has been somewhat lacking in recent years when the XJ-6 Series III's passenger room, even more so, luggage accommodation fell below competitive standards. The new cars are as graceful and high-performing as ever and have improved fuel economy. They have lounging room for four, adequate seating for a fifth passenger on shorter journeys, and a great deal more baggage space, even though the boot is still not among the world's biggest.

Underneath the bonnet are two new engines. Still of classic in-line six cylinder layout, they share the same cylinder block. The 2.9 litre engine has a single overhead camshaft and two valves per cylinder. The 3.6 litre unit has a twin overhead camshaft cylinder head with 24 valves. Both engines are fuel injected and have advanced electronic management systems.

The new all-aluminium engines are lighter and more powerful than the XK units they succeed. The 2.9's 165bhp at 5,000rpm compares with the 3.4 litre XK's 161bhp; and the 3.6 litre puts out 221bhp at 5,000rpm, an increase of 16bhp on the former 4.2 litre.

The XJ-6, Sovereign and Daimler cars can be supplied with either engine and the standard transmission is a German Getrag five-speed manual box, as used for some time in the XJ-6 coupés. Optional at extra cost is a German ZF four-speed automatic which is standard equipment for the up-market Jaguar Sovereign and Daimler models, though the manual box is available if desired. I think few who have tried the automatic would want the manual gearbox. Two-pedal control



suits the effortless Jaguar style. Shifting gear for oneself in so urbane a motor car seems to me amachronistic.

In principle, the suspension is unchanged, though a self-leveling system at the rear is offered as standard on the up-market models and as an extra-cost option on those lower down the range. The ride of a Jaguar remains the envy and despair of other car makers. The ride is so special on the cars Jaguars which will be sold in Europe, Dunlop and Michelin have evolved an ultra-low profile design combining a soft ride with exceptional steering response and cornering stability. It will also stay on the rim in the event of a sudden deflation, allowing the driver to proceed slowly to the nearest garage. But it needs a unique wheel of metric diameter, so for the USA, conventional Pirelli P600 tyres (with a diameter measured in inches) will be used, allowing any brand of the right size and speed rating to be fitted at a replacement.

The inside is entirely traditional with a massive central console, a lot of walnut veneer, leather trim on the costlier models, cloth on the XJ-6. Beneath this, however, are some advanced electronics. The speedometer and rev counter are conventional dials but all other functions are displayed electronically. Even the self-cancelling turn indicator is electronic, not mechanical. Warnings of things like low oil pressure, a handbrake left on or seat belt unfastened are given by a prominent electronic display on the right-hand side of the fascia which shows the appropriate symbol, if necessary with a flashing orange surround.

Scotland's winding and hilly roads are not the best place to test Jaguar's claims for high performance though they demonstrated how close to perfection is the new car's handling, braking, roadholding and sheer refinement. Perhaps the greatest tribute one can pay is to say that after a few minutes the Jaguar, though a large and still quite heavy car by European standards, was as agile as a sports runabout but as contemptuous of bad roads as a limousine.

The acceleration is potent though totally effortless, especially with the automatic transmission, which has a selector offering economy or high-performance settings. In the latter case, change-up points are at higher engine speeds and the overdriven top gear is not used.

Assessment of top speed will have to await a chance to try the new cars on the German autobahn but the 2.9 litre manual should be capable of just over 120mph and the 3.6 automatic I expect to be slightly faster. A fuel consumption of about 18mpg for the 3.6 automatic, the mid-20s mpg for the 2.9 manual, would seem probable.

For cars of such sophistication and refinement a price of £20,000 upwards would not be unreasonable. Most remarkably, the new Jaguar XJ-6 and its Sovereign and Daimler stablmates are only slightly dearer than the old ones. A 2.9 litre manual Jaguar XJ-6 is listed at £16,500, though adding the excellent air conditioning system and ABS brakes would put the total over £18,000. A Daimler with everything—the only extras listed are rear window sunblinds and heated door lock barrels—would be £28,500.

Even at that the basic XJ-6 will be significantly cheaper than the dearest Rover 800, the V6-engined Sterling. Good car though it is, it is no match for the Jaguar in status. I predict demand for the new Jaguars outstripping supply to such an extent that discounting will be a thing of the past. That will mean enhanced residual values which will further stimulate demand. Jaguar would seem to be set fair on an even more profitable course than it has run since it broke away from BL and went private three years ago.

EXPLAINING THE TECHNICALITIES

A car is a complicated machine used by people who often have no interest in its mechanism. This is perfectly reasonable. After all, how many of us know or care how a TV set or washing machine works? Most are content that it does. However, an appreciation of some of the features that will make a car more enjoyable, economical and, indeed, safer to use may be helped by an understanding of some of the technical terms. Here are some of them.

ABS, OR ANTILOCK BRAKING. This is a system that prevents one or more of a car's wheels from locking up and skidding when the brakes are applied. ABS senses when lock-up point has been reached and reduces the braking effort on that wheel. A car fitted with ABS may be braked hard on a slippery surface without loss of steering control.

FUEL INJECTION replaces the familiar carburettor, which mixes petrol with air and feeds it to the cylinders. Fuel-injected engines drive in pure air. Minute and precisely measured amounts of petrol are then squirted individually into each cylinder at exactly the right moment.

TURBOCHARGING is a means of forcing more air into the engine so that it may be packed with more petrol and allow extra power to be developed. A compressor is driven by a tiny turbine which uses energy from the exhaust gases which would otherwise go to waste. Turbochargers do not produce much boost until the engine has reached about 2,000 revolutions a minute.

A SUPERCHARGER is also a compressor but it is driven directly off the engine, not by a turbine using exhaust gases. It provides air to boost the engine's power from very low revolutions, improving acceleration from a standstill and making a car much livelier in urban driving conditions.

MULTI-VALVE CYLINDER HEADS also increase power delivery. An engine has valves through which air/petrol mixture or plain air is drawn in and exhaust gases allowed to escape. There are limits to the number of individual valve but their numbers can be increased, though this does complicate the means by which the valves are operated. A three-valve per cylinder engine is more effective than a two-valve; a four-valve per cylinder engine is better still.

ELECTRONIC IGNITION replaces the old-fashioned contact-breaker points

which were often a source of starting troubles. It also ensures that the spark plugs operate at the precise moment for best results.

THE HYDRAULIC TORQUE CONVERTER is the heart of most automatic transmissions. It increases the torque (turning power) of the engine before it is transmitted to the drive wheels. Because a torque converter has a limited operating range, it has to be used in conjunction with a self-changing gearbox which is automatically controlled by the load on the engine and the speed of the car. Most automatics used to have three-speed gearboxes; all the new ones have four speeds.

MECHANICAL LOCKUP increases the efficiency of an automatic transmission. Torque converters always slip slightly. Mechanical lock-up prevents this slippage from taking place and saves fuel.

ULTRALOW PROFILE (ULP) TYRES, used on the faster cars, have a cross-section that is wider than it is high. A typical family car tyre is 80 per cent as high as it is wide, though there is a trend to fit 70 per cent (often called 70 series) tyres to new models. A 65 series tyre is lower still. All Mercedes saloons and some of the new Rover 800s have them. Even fatter looking from the front are the 60 series, 55 series and even 50 series used on fast and sporty cars. The wider the tyre, the worse the ride comfort because the short sidewalls make it less resilient. But the lowest cross-section tyres give tremendous grip and stability in fast corners and instant response to small movements of the steering wheel.

RUN-IN TYRES do not come off the wheel if they should deflate when the car is going quickly, allowing the driver to retain control. They also make it possible to drive the car a few miles to a garage though they will be unit for use afterwards. The runflat tyre does what it says; it may be driven for a limited distance when completely deflated and may still be repairable. Many runflat systems have been proposed but none has been completely successful so far.

AIR CONDITIONING is a near-standard feature to cars in the USA but still relatively novel in Europe. A refrigerant system driven by the engine cools down the air work it feeds inside the car. In winter it blows like a normal heater.



»-> galvanized for areas of high corrosion risk, is the universal raw material for the main structure of a car. Each year, however, the weight of plastics in a car goes up. At present plastics are used for interiors and for shock-absorbent bumpers, though Citroën in particular has taken to using them for quite large body parts. The bonnet and tailgate of the BX, for example, are entirely made from plastic. One cannot tell by appearance, but a BX bonnet struck with a hammer will not be dented, nor will the paint chip.

The sheer weight of traffic, plus a probable toughening up of traffic law enforcement now that a "ticket" penalty system has been introduced, may lead to a change of emphasis in motoring. If you can no longer drive quickly and sportingly for fear of offending the law, why not be as comfortable as possible in your car? That means air conditioning, one of the great aids to civilized driving, could become more popular in Britain. Even though ours is a temperate climate, air conditioning can make driving conditions much more pleasant for several months a year.

Another reason why it may become more popular is the change in shape of the modern car. Steeply sloped windscreens and rear windows present a large glass area to the sun and interiors can become unacceptably hot. Lowering a window destroys the quietness, a great blast of air at ambient temperature is also disturbing. The Japanese makers design all their cars, even the smallest and cheapest, for the easy installation of air conditioning, which is one reason why their normal fresh air ventilation provision is better than that of many European cars. Air conditioning is already a relatively cheap optional extra on the small Rover 213 and 216 (they are licence-built Hondas) and it is now thought essential by users at the top of the market.

The onward march of electronics continues apace. The use of a synthetic voice to give a driver warnings and instructions proved to be an irritant and the idea has been laid aside, for the time being anyway. Old-fashioned dial-type instruments with clear numerals and pointers are much more easily read than a panel full of multi-coloured flashing lights.

But in engine management, transmission selection and control of anti-lock brakes, electronics are playing an increasingly important role. The satellite navigation systems which will let a driver know exactly where he is at any time and will allow a route to be dialled up before starting a journey are within the bounds of present-day technology.

Just as in-car cellular phones are becoming almost standard equipment for the business executive, so will electronic navigation aids—and it will happen more quickly than many of us think possible.

NISSAN BLUEBIRD 2.0 SGX



The first Japanese car to be assembled at the recently opened Nissan plant in north-east England. Within two years it will be manufactured there at a rate of 100,000 units a year.

CITROËN AX



A classic hatchback designed by computers to be produced very cheaply by robots. On sale in France now, it will come to Britain next year. Its fuel economy is exceptional.

HONDA ACCLAIM 2.0 EXi



An elegantly styled executive-type saloon with front-wheel drive. It could be regarded as a smaller version of the Legend, being made by Rover alongside its new 800 saloon.

PEUGEOT 309



Designed in France, it is now being produced at the former Talbot factory in Coventry for British sales. Left-hand drive versions are being exported to the Continent.

ROVER 800



A luxury saloon which is a joint venture between Rover Group and Honda of Japan and points the way ahead for Britain's only remaining volume car manufacturer.

FORD ESCORT



Having pioneered ABS brakes as standard on the Granada, Ford now offers them as an extra on the new Escort.

VOLKSWAGEN TRANSPORTER



This all-purpose VW has a permanently engaged four-wheel drive which apportions traction automatically between the front and rear wheels according to tyre grip.

MAZDA 323 TURBO



A high-performance hatchback with a 16 valve engine, fuel injection, turbo-charging and four-wheel drive. Its design sets a trend for the hot hatchbacks of the late 1980s.

PORSCHE 944 TURBO



In its latest version, the four-cylinder Porsche has a turbocharger for a maximum speed of around 150mph. Prices are high, but so is the quality.

BMW 7-SERIES



Reaches Britain in January, 1987 and is modelled closely on the previous BMW flagship—a clear case of evolution rather than revolution by this quality manufacturer.

ALFA ROMEO 75



Aimed at the executive who likes a sporting car. The gearbox is integrated with the final drive at the rear for almost 50/50 weight distribution and good handling balance.

AUDI 200 TURBO AVANT



Estate car with quattro transmission. This 140mph luxury car has permanently engaged four-wheel drive to put its 182 horsepower safely on the road in all weather conditions.

SAAB 9000 TURBO



Jointly developed with the Lancia Thema and Fiat Croma in its early stages. There is some visual similarity between the three cars, but its personality is all Saab.

VOLVO 480 ES



A new generation Volvo. This is the maker's first sporting coupé for nearly 20 years and is notable for having front-wheel drive and a nimble yet refined performance.

MERCEDES-BENZ T



Challenging Volvo's near monopoly of the large estate car is the new Mercedes T range, available with petrol or diesel engines with four, five or six cylinders.

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WOOLWICH



*Woolwich Market,
Beresford Square*

Edna Lumb

Woolwich has a small market centred on Beresford Square, SE19, with stalls clustered round the grand but decaying entrance to the Woolwich Arsenal, which still carries a notice that it has been acquired by the GLC "for restoration". Many of the stalls have been run by the same family for generations, and most are manned by Woolwich people for Woolwich people, their wares being mainly fresh fish, meat, fruit and vegetables, supported by some household goods, clothes, shoes and luggage. All are marketed with a lively line of patter: "Come on,

ladies, spend your money faster, please."

There has been a market in Woolwich since the Middle Ages, though not always on the present site. The first one operated in what is still called Market Hill, about 500 yards away, and it was this that was given a charter by James I. The market remained in private hands until the 19th century, but as the Royal Dockyard expanded the stallholders moved their pitch to the main gates, where trade was brisker. In 1868 the local authority tried to push them back by setting up an official market on the old site, but this did not suc-

ceed and they remained in Beresford Square.

There is also a small covered market not many yards away in Plumstead Road, started in 1930s to relieve congestion in the open-air market. Most of the stalls here deal in what are called consumer durables, such as clothes and carpets, though there is also one at which darts can be repointed.

The street market operates from Mondays to Saturdays from 8.30am to 5pm (half-day closing on Thursdays), and the covered market from Tuesdays to Saturdays at the same hours, but this one is closed all day on Thursdays. **JAMES BISHOP**

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DEFYING DEATH WITH A VINE

Only a liana of just the right length, attached to both ankles, saves the Pentecost islanders from certain death as they plunge earthwards in an annual ritual. Photographs and text by Sandra Middleton.

Every year in the tropical autumn months of April and May, certain villages on the southern tip of Pentecost Island, in the archipelago of Vanuatu in Melanesia, hold a ceremonial jump. The "land divers" leap from tall towers into the void. Moments before they hit the earth below, they are jerked from death only by liana vines tied about their ankles. Deeply rooted in legend, the Pentecost jump is a spectacular event, surrounded by an air of mysticism and magic.

A few villages on Pentecost and throughout the islands have remained free of Christian missionaries and the equally disrupting influence of a materialistic western society. The islanders do not welcome tourists and the government, although promoting tourism, discourages outsiders from entering these particular areas, allowing the inhabitants to retain a culture and society thousands of years old.

However, in the past few years it has become possible for visitors to witness some of these amazing land dives. The charter yacht *Coongoola*,

based in Port Vila, runs a series of six-day cruises to Pentecost between April and May each year, giving travellers time to see some of the more remote islands of the group, including the remarkable Ambrym volcanoes.

In the early morning on the sixth day *Coongoola* arrives at Pentecost. At this time of year the rugged hills of the island are shrouded in hazy mist, and sunrise seems to emerge reluctantly. Even the tropical heat does not dissipate the ever-present low clouds. Perhaps rain will come before the jump, perhaps again immediately after, but the Magic Men have made certain rain will not come during the jump itself.

Those who will dive have prepared themselves during the previous weeks by following strict taboos. No man has worked in his garden, drunk the narcotic kava or indulged in sexual intercourse. Each has followed a special diet and undertaken rituals to keep evil spirits away from himself and the tower at the time of his jump. Young boys who have never jumped before are

excited, for this, in some ways, is an initiation into manhood. Yet once the women used to jump, not the men.

Legend tells of a woman and an unhappy marriage. Beaten by her husband, perhaps more than was considered necessary, she ran away several times but was always caught and returned—to face more severe punishment. In desperation she ran away again and took refuge in a coconut tree (or banyan tree, depending on the preference of the storyteller). For days husband Tamalie searched for his wife, passing beneath the tree several times. Suddenly he realized where she was and, looking up, discovered her hiding place. Tamalie climbed up and his wife cried out that if he came any closer, she would jump—but he continued. Just as Tamalie reached out to grab her, she carried out her threat and in a fit of rage (or grief?) he leapt after her.

Unknown to the luckless and by then dead Tamalie, his wife had tied vines to her ankles and survived the fall. Each year the women of the area

celebrated the event by leaping from the tall trees with vines attached to their ankles. The men objected, ostensibly because the grass-skirted women looked less than dignified as they dived towards the ground. In time it became an exclusively male domain, perhaps to demonstrate that no woman would ever trick them again in that manner.

Over the years the jumping from trees was elaborated upon. Today a suitable tree is stripped of all but supporting branches and a complex tapering tower built about it. Branches are lashed together with vines and tethered to surrounding trees by lianas. Dimensions and tolerances are perfectly computed by age-old methods. Each section of the tower represents a portion of human anatomy, each named after a part of the body, rising from the feet at the base to the crown of the head at the top. The site is carefully selected as a piece of sloping ground is needed, at the top of which the tower is built. A flat area is required, adjacent or behind, where men and women of the village will dance. ➤➤➤

Young male islanders treat the land dive from the 100 foot tower as a test of manhood, opposite; vines are untangled at the base of the tree before they are pulled up to the jumping platform, right.





One jumper whose vine lengths were not quite accurate brushes the ground and winds himself, left; with both feet securely bound another islander plummets towards the jungle floor.

➤ Each jumper builds his own platform on the ground before lashing it into the tower, selecting vines with careful regard to his size and weight. Vine length is crucial, for when they are fully stretched, the diver's head should just graze the softened earth at the base of the tower. He will then bounce back, to land more or less upright by the tower bottom. If the vines are too long the diver will crash head first into the ground, too short and he will be catapulted violently back into the tower. No other man touches the jumper's vines or platform so no one can be responsible for mishaps or accused of calling bad spirits.

Spirits are believed to inhabit the site during the two weeks of preparation so no one spends any more time than necessary near the tower and women are forbidden to approach within 20 metres. Tamalie is believed to live inside the tower during the jump.

And yet despite the mysticism behind the scenes, there is an air of gaiety outside the jump area. Groups from surrounding villages have gathered to watch the event and local inhabitants have set up a few thatched hut stalls, selling green coconuts to drink, fruit, rice and even wild peanuts to eat. A few cool boxes and umbrellas appear, even the odd instamatic camera.

Soon, people of the village appear

in traditional dress and the men chant while the women whistle rhythmically to encourage the divers. One by one the jumpers climb to their platforms, as many as 20 over the course of a few hours. As each one reaches his place on the vine-shrouded tower, assistants pull up the hanging lianas to bind the shredded ends firmly around his ankles. Then he is alone.

He moves gingerly to the edge of the narrow platform, steadying himself as best he can, endeavouring to maintain a delicate balance. He raises his hands and claps, calling on his ancestral spirits while the singing and whistling reach a crescendo. He plucks a leaf or feather from his belt or hair and lets it drop spiralling to the ground. Slowly his body arches back then he falls forward, bringing his arms up to his chest, hands clasped under the chin in a fatalistic gesture of confidence.

In the first moments of the fall the diver is in a state of grace, excited and exhilarated, frightened yet exalted. The falling body plummets earthwards, knees slightly bent. As the vines pull taut he recoils to the base of the tower. Male friends or family rush in whooping, to cut the vines from his ankles, while the diver is grinning from ear to ear, especially if he is a young lad who has made his first dive.

Some do step down at the last

minute. No man is forced to dive and any who do "chicken out" are not ridiculed, although the shame is felt within. However, some step down for other reasons. The taboos of the previous weeks are meant to help ward off evil spirits. If a jumper has broken one he will never tell anyone, going through the ritual of the day but stopping just short of actual jumping. If he chooses to jump regardless, the consequences may be grave. Evil spirits have entered and he may find himself with a broken limb—or dead. Either way everyone knows he has broken one of the taboos and if he steps down rather than dive there may be a few light-hearted comments about which taboo he may have broken.

The most spectacular dive of the day is undoubtedly always the last. If the jumper appears to procrastinate the most, it is only to gain more accolades from the audience—and perhaps to say a few final prayers. The diver leans back in a classic, elegantly poised arch, then falls out and forward into a perfect graceful dive. As he reaches bottom the entire village rushes to surround him, women and men alike. They dance and sing, whistle and shout their joy at the safe finish of the jump and the magnificence of the final dive.

Our Travel Editor writes:

Although there are no direct flights from the UK to Vanuatu, its capital

Port Vila can be reached easily by scheduled air services from Fiji, Australia, New Zealand and New Caledonia among others. It is linked to various South Pacific destinations by Air Melanésie. Flying British Airways/Air New Zealand via Auckland and Fiji from London a return APEX (advance booking fare) costs around £1,175 in economy class. First and club class are available on the inter-continental sections at additional cost. Using UTA from Paris via Noumea (New Caledonia) the economy class return fare is between £1,375 and £1,700 according to dates of travel, again with first or executive class available. Full details from the airlines and travel agents.

Details of the charter-yacht sailings to Pentecost Island for April to May, 1987 were not available as we went to press but can be obtained shortly from the Vanuatu tourist board. There is good hotel and bungalow accommodation in Port Vila and several other locations. The cuisine is considered among the best in the South Pacific with a strong French and Chinese influence. No visa is required for UK (and many other Commonwealth) passport holders or for United States or Common Market citizens, except Greece.

Address: Vanuatu Visitor's Bureau, PO Box 209, Port Vila, Vanuatu (tel 010 678 2685).



Discovering the slopes of Europe

Rob Neillands surveys a variety of ski resorts many of whose runs should test even the most committed of skiers.

According to the best current estimates more than 600,000 British skiers will set out for the Alps this winter. Skiing is undoubtedly popular with a wide sector of the community. However, in spite of widespread promotion with two major ski exhibitions in London each year, plus several more in the provinces, heavy consumer advertising from at least 100 ski-holiday companies and the spread of school skiing which introduces thousands of young people to the sport each year, this figure has remained fairly constant over the past decade.

What is rising is the standard of British skiing. This means that almost every holiday operator now finds it necessary to indicate the facilities for advanced sport at every resort and include in their programmes a few resorts which cater specially for them.

France is the country for the intrepid, to expert skier. A number of resorts provide almost exclusively for the expert, with countless miles of downhill skiing, on and off-piste, linked lift systems and unmatched facilities. It has to be said, however, that the lift prices are exceptionally high and the après-ski disappointing. But for those who want only to ski, France, in my view, is the first country to consider.

Val d'Isère in the Tarentaise is probably the best ski resort in the French Alps. It has some 300 kilometres (180 miles) of downhill piste, a staggering length in a comparatively limited area. The top station is at around 11,000 feet which means reliable snow cover throughout the entire winter, although such a height is not suited to everybody.

The slopes are served by 60 lifts and the system is linked to that of nearby Tignes, providing an even more extensive network. Neither resort will win any prizes for outstanding architecture and the night life is unremarkable. The six-day ski lift pass costs (at present rates) around £63, the 13-day about £116, and there are no low-season reductions. It is rather expensive, but if you really want to ski, ski, ski, then try Val d'Isère.

Even more skiing is available across the Trois-Valleys, also in the best of the French Alps. Here the vast lift network and countless miles of on- and off-piste skiing are available from the resorts of Courcheval, Val-Thorens, Les Menuires and, a particular favourite with British skiers, Meribel. This last lies in the central

valley and a week there with Snowtime, the principal UK operator to this resort, costs from around £235 in mid-January with air travel from London. Here again the lift pass is expensive: one that covers the full Trois-Valleys area is about the same as that at Val d'Isère—£63 for six days, £115 for two weeks.

Other top-class areas in France include the Portes du Soleil network reached from Avoriaz where the formidable descent of the "Swiss Wall" is a challenge to the most expert skier. New resorts are also opening up and expanding in the Dauphiné: Les Deux Alpes, for example, is an excellent centre with plenty of steep black runs, and Alpe d'Huez, an hour's drive from Grenoble. It has some very tough skiing below the Pic Blanc and runs which include the formidable "La Serenne", at 16 kilometres (10 miles) the longest black run in Europe. The "tunnel" run through the glacier and out on to a yawning slope is another heart-stopping experience. And in this whole region there are plenty of others to test the legs—and nerve—of the committed skier.

Alternative French resorts presenting excellent ski challenges include Chamonix, Megève and the attractive resort of Valloire which features in the current Ski Summed programme, starting at around £240 for a week in January with half-board and flights from London.

Expert skiers who may have tried several of the French centres should consider Italy, where most resorts have at least one run, often several, to test the most sanguine sportsman. Courmayeur, a pretty resort at the southern end of the Mont Blanc Tunnel, has many good runs and has off-piste skiing on the Yvrea as well as the classic descent to Chamonix down the Vallée Blanche from near the top of Mont Blanc. Popular Bormio has superb skiing down from the Bormio 2000 resort which can make the long road transfer from Milan seem well worthwhile.

Good skiers often speak fondly of Saaze d'Oulx, which may qualify in some respects as an alpine Benidorm, but has excellent local slopes and swift access to the countless lifts and runs of the "Milky Way" and is run by Sestriere, or a guided, full-day excursion (and that really is for experts) organized by the ski school goes all the way to Montgenevre.

Cortina d'Ampezzo is a splendid resort, the "Queen of the Dolomites" whose rewarding local runs form

part of the 450-lift (600 mile run) network of the "Superski Dolomiti". Madonna di Campiglio in the Brenta Dolomites has great atmosphere. Apart from marvellous cuisine and an excellent night life it offers such challenging descents as the World Cup "Tri-Tre" run and excellent off-piste skiing on the Spinale. A week at Madonna (with inghams) costs about £345 with half-board in mid-February. Other Italian resorts for experts include Selva, where the taxing Sassolungo black run can lead on to descents of the Pordoi or the Val Mesdi. John Morgan Travel include Selva in their programme.

Swiss skiing mainly provides for the good, intermediate skier with plenty of red and blue runs and a sensible system of local lifts. Some resorts have an eye on the expert and one of my most experienced skiing friends tells me that it he were compelled to choose one favourite winter resort in the world it would be Zermatt.

Apart from the excellent skiing it provides, Zermatt is a beautiful resort, set beneath the soaring spire of the Matterhorn. The skiing on the national Fédération Internationale de Ski pistes on the Gornergrat will challenge the expert. There is an excellent full-day excursion round the Matterhorn into and down to Cervinia (also suitable for intermediate skiers) as well as steep black and red runs off the Unter Rothorn which faces north and runs up to more than 3,000 metres. The number of medium and difficult runs at Zermatt exceeds the easy ones by at least two to one, but the off-piste possibilities are rather more limited.

Those who prefer to cruise in the powder snow should go to Crans-Montana, the setting of the 1987 World Alpine Ski Championships. It offers 120 kilometres (about 70 miles) of pisto runs, with as much again off-piste. The expert will enjoy the long blacks below the Bella Uva, one of which is the "Piste Nationale", or the off-piste descent to Villars.

Other excellent Swiss resorts with challenging runs for the expert include Verbier (popular with the British) and the Wengen-Mürren-Grindelwald area with the massive Jungfrau-Jungfrau brooding over all. It was at Verbier, incidentally, that Sir Henry Lunn, who did so much to encourage the British to go skiing in Switzerland, organized the first slalom races in the mid-1920s—and the resort has been a favourite ever

since. Villars in the canton of Vaud is less well-known than it deserves to be. Here the lift system is linked to that of nearby Les Diablerets—two for the price of one.

And so to Austria. The more knowledgeable experts will certainly head for St Anton in the Tyrol and just over the border from the Vorarlberg. It is one of the few resorts which can offer French-style skiing with Austrian-style night life and a touch of *gemütlichkeit*. It has excellent and challenging runs from the Valuga or across the Arlborg to St Christoph. There are around 200 miles of piste in the area and when you have exhausted that there remain the extensive runs of nearby Lech and Zurs.

Other Austrian resorts well worth inspection by the improving skier include Kitzbühel and Hochgurgl with its "twin" Öbergurgl or most noticeably Saalbach which has tough red and black runs coming off the Zwölfer. The 1982 World Cup races were held at Schladming which gave this resort the stamp of approval. And for groups or families where the skiing can range from the near beginner to the most advanced I would certainly recommend Mayerhofen for its universal appeal.

In addition to arranging good-value packages (using air, road or rail transport) to the top resorts, a number of tour operators have put together skiing holidays specifically aimed at the expert—and that in-

cludes those who want to upgrade their already advanced techniques. Neilson's for example, have six-day Ski Progress courses at Les Arcs while the ever-expanding Ski Thomson programme has Ski Safaris at Val d'Isère, Kitzbühel and Schladming, high mountain touring, for small parties and an accompanying guide (plus helicopter skiing) at Zermatt, St Anton and Cervinia, and that unusual sport mono-skiing at various French resorts including Alpe d'Huez. Ski Summed provide Advanced Ski Training at Les Deux Alpes in January and March which includes instruction in slalom and racing techniques at a reasonable additional price of £59. Ski Supertravel offer a Ski the Twelve Valleys

Tour in France costing around £600 from London. The Ski Club of Great Britain organizes some of the best ranges of trips for parties of expert skiers while leading skier Sarah Ferguson (not the Duchess of York but the British Freestyle champion) operates top-grade advanced ski courses at Tignes, Val d'Isère and Champéry starting at around £322 a week. ○

Top Travel Editor writes:

Most local travel agencies will book both package and independent winter sports holidays. The brochures with detailed programmes offered by the many tour operators including almost all of these mentioned in the article are available at travel agents or direct from the addresses below. The majority of

winter-sports holidaymakers fly to the Continent either by scheduled or charter flights and then go by road, usually by special coach. However, an increasing number of companies offer travel using your own car with the ferry crossing included in the price. Several also arrange rail travel using ordinary services or special trains (with meals provided and often a bar-cum-dancing car) or sometimes, for various Swiss or Austrian resorts, on the Venice-Simplon-Orient-Express. Winter-sports flights operate from a dozen UK airports. At the economy end of the market some ski packages offer travel by coach from London (and some provincial cities) direct to the resort.

There are now scores of dry ski schools all over the UK which provide basic training or brushing-up courses. Information on these can be obtained from local travel agents, sports outfitters, council offices and many public libraries.

There is really no such thing as an average price as this depends on the accommodation, mode of transport, date of holiday, insurance requirements and whether equipment has to be hired, cable cars and ski lifts used, and ski instruction included. The season varies widely from place to place but maximum prices can always be expected over the Christmas and New Year holiday period with late January through to early March being the "peak" season in the Alpine region. A week with basic travel from London starts at around £100 and rises to more than £500.

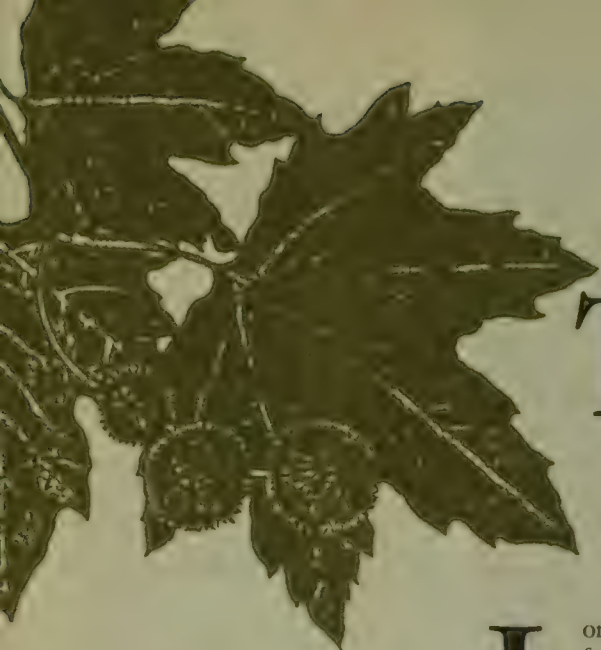
Always make sure exactly what your holiday cost includes—and what is extra. And always be fully insured—I cannot over-emphasize that.

There are many books on winter sports but the most comprehensive, reliable and up to date is *The Good Skiing Guide* published by the Consumers' Association in conjunction with Hodder & Stoughton at £8.95. It covers more than 200 resorts in great detail and it goes into every aspect of skiing before, during and after those exhilarating hours on the slopes. Edited by Chris Gill (a dedicated enthusiast), thoroughly researched and with contributions by half a dozen experts, the revised and updated second edition is now on sale.

Addresses: Snowtime, 23 Denmark Street, London WC2H 8NA (836 3237); Ski Summed, 4 Manor Mount, London SE23 3PE (699 5999); Inghams Travel, 39 Piney Bridge Road, London SW15 2PL (785 7777); John Morgan Travel, College Street, Petersfield GU32 3JN (0730 68621); Neilson Holidays, 125 Granby Street, Leicester LE1 6PD (0533 554646); Ski Thomson, Greater London House, 100 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 8SJ (387 8484); Ski Supertravel, 22 Hans Place, London SW1X 0EP (584 5060); Ski Club of Great Britain, 118 Eaton Square, London SW1W 9AR (245 1033); Sarah Ferguson, 4 Coombe Court, Langton Matravers, Dorset BH19 3DF (0929 425054).



DAVID LUNN



THE GREENING OF LONDON

London is famous not only for its parks but for the trees in its streets. Gracefully they rise from their little squares in the pavement, delighting us with the fresh green of their leaves, providing shelter from rain and wind. Yet if they could utter, we would surely be deafened by their coughing and choking. The hazards they face in the busy, polluted metropolis pose a continuing threat to their survival.

On the other hand, London's trees have many friends, official and unofficial. Ever since the Victorians planted grand trees in pavements, often too close to buildings, a continuous programme of tree planting has been carried out in the capital. It involves intelligent planning: choosing the right tree for the street; planting it at the right time—normally November; and making sure that it is protected with a regular system of care and renewal where necessary.

No one knows how many trees London boasts but there are some 5,000 in the borough of Kensington and Chelsea alone. In the winter of 1985-86, for example, 209 trees of 12 to 14 feet were planted, of which 72 were in new sites. All were container-grown trees from specialist nurseries and cost at least £100 to be supplied and planted. Apart from planes and limes, there are in the royal borough Norway maple, alder, birch, Turkish hazel, thorn, ash, crab apple, upright pear and elm, a new species supposed to be disease-resistant, following the ravages of London's Dutch elms. There is also the ginkgo or maidenhair tree with fan-shaped leaves, sole survivor of a family of trees which flourished 200 million years ago and was thought to be extinct during this century. It was discovered in private gardens in China and is now a popular street tree in New York.

In the nearby borough of Westminster, planting policy is to promote "as much variety as possible". In autumn, 1986, trees will be planted in some 100 new sites around Edgware Road and Baker Street as part of an urban improvement initiative.



Cherry trees were very popular in the 1950s and 1960s but over the years they have revealed their disadvantages. They are relatively short-lived (50 years, say, compared to the plane trees of Cheyne Walk or Harrow Road, for example, which are between 150 and 200 years old). They look beautiful in blossom, but for only two or three weeks, whereas the mountain ash not only has clusters of white flowers in May or June but sports red berries and flaming leaves in the autumn. Cherry trees also have a shallow root system

which may eventually lift the surrounding paving slabs.

The choice of tree to be planted is the most important decision. For example, three trees were planted in Rosary Gardens, South Kensington, in November, 1985: the arboriculturist chose an attractive single-leaved acacia (*Robinia pseudoacacia unifolia*) and two mountain ashes (*Sorbus aucuparia* "Sheerwater Seedling") for their size and shape, ease of maintenance and ability to complement their surroundings. The mountain ashes stand on either

November sees the start of the official tree-planting season in London.

The trees being planted now, in greater variety than ever before, are chosen for their hardiness, year-round beauty and suitability for their site. Most are installed by local councils, sometimes at the suggestion of residents: if you want a tree planted in your street, you should apply now. It could help transform the area.

side of the entrance to Dove Mews. "I chose very erect trees as they are against tall buildings of four or five storeys, and I wanted something with a bit of colour to stand out," Kensington and Chelsea's tree expert explained. Upright crab apples with rich autumn foliage have been planted on the north side of Pembridge Square against the perfect background of a white building: "You don't put a tree with smashing autumn colours against red brick-work," he added.

Planting the trees in November, 1985 meant choosing the sites in 1984, checking that there were no obvious obstacles such as traffic lights, lamp standards, existing trees or coal cellars and that the site was free of underground pipes and wires. Once a site has been chosen, the paving slabs are lifted and a hole of between 3 to 4½ feet deep is dug to make sure that a tree can be planted. Approval must then be sought to ensure that spreading roots will not damage nearby pipes and cables: from British Telecom, for trunk lines and domestic lines; Thames Water for mains and sewers; and from North Thames Gas, London Regional Transport and London Hydraulic Power, which powers lifts for blocks of flats and offices.

Britain's Clean Air Act of 1956 did much to reduce the city's pollution and revived interest in beautifying the streets with greenery. But the hazards remained formidable. For example, the concentration of traffic fumes killed the dawn redwoods planted optimistically in Talgarth Road by Hammersmith and Fulham Borough Council. Early in 1986 a number of plane trees were felled in Cromwell Road after continuous damage from high-sided lorries. An Indian rain tree has been so rammed by motorists parking their cars on the pavement on Langford Place, NW8, that it has died.

Salt spread on icy roads is another killer. Since last winter six plane trees have slowly succumbed in Kensington and Chelsea because salt has been taken down into their roots. The plane trees along the busy Embankment roads suffered badly, too—20 were felled this year along

the Victoria Embankment and another 10 along Millbank. These trees were only 10 to 15 years old.

Even the mighty London plane tree, champion of the streets for its hardy, robust nature, has suffered from a fungus disease which causes the early spring leaves to die back and drop, making the tree look sick and miserable until it grows a second flush of leaves in July.

Vandalism is a further hazard, particularly when it takes the form of bark stripping, which prevents the tree from passing food from the leaves to the roots.

Tub-grown trees face additional hazards: their growth is restricted by the container, rubbish has to be cleared out regularly from the tops of the tubs and they have to be watered frequently. Westminster Council's 130 tub-grown trees adorning the arid wastelands of Oxford Street and its nearby streets have to be watered six times a week during the height of summer and three times a week from August to September.

Anyone who wishes to have a tree planted outside their house, on any public land beyond their own front garden, should contact their local council. Applications are processed each autumn when the site is visited and a note taken of the width of the pavement, depth of front garden, width of road and type of traffic.

Ealing's Borough Council, once known as the Queen of the Suburbs for its many beautiful trees, receives some 300 to 400 applications a year. Their arboriculture manager, David Frost, explains: "If there is an existing tree in the front garden, we probably wouldn't consider planting another nearby. But if there's a long, empty front garden, we could probably plant a forest-type tree. Or if the front door opens straight on to the pavement, we'd plan to put in an upright, ornamental tree . . . and everyone wants cherries."

Provided that there are no pipes or cables beneath the proposed site, and the application is successful, planting takes place the following autumn.

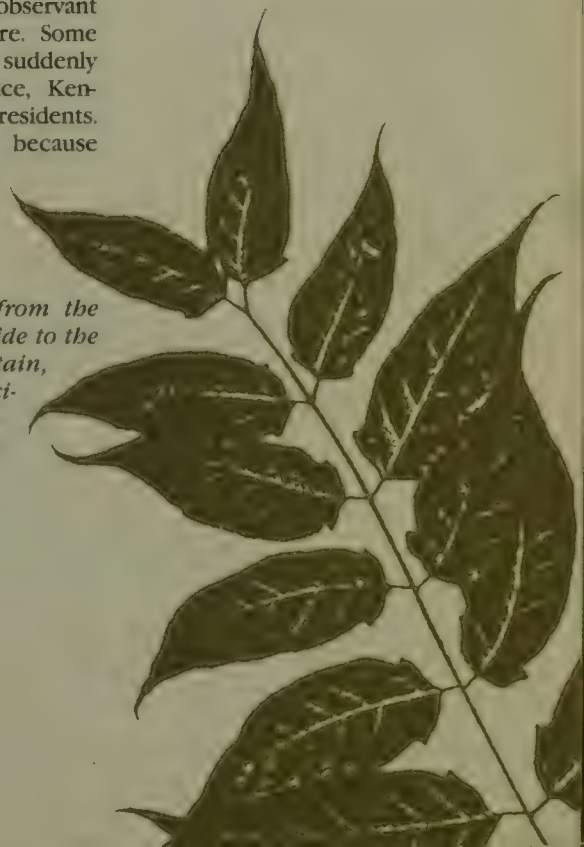
Anyone who has planted a tree, other than in their own garden, may



London trees in two very different surroundings: far left, Baronsmede, W5, and left, Victoria Street, SW1.

have discovered how observant London arboriculturists are. Some years ago two trees suddenly appeared in Brechin Place, Kensington, planted by local residents. They had to be felled because the houses nearby had cellars into which the tree roots would have spread.

All illustrations taken from the Reader's Digest Field Guide to the Trees and Shrubs of Britain, the Reader's Digest Association Ltd, London. Copyright © 1986. Used with permission.



TEN LONDON TREES



SYCAMORE

Sycamore or great maple (*Acer pseudoplatanus*): a picturesque, large tree so hardy it was commonly planted by Pennine and Highland farmers to shelter their bleak, windswept homesteads. It was first recorded in England in 1578. In the *Herball* of 1597 it was still "a stranger in England, only it groweth in the walks and places of pleasure of noble men". John Evelyn, in the 17th century, took umbrage against the sycamore "for the honeydew leaves, which fall early, like the ash, turn to muckage and noxious insects and putrefie with the first moisture of the season". Despite his opinion, many continue to flourish in the city.



COMMON LIME

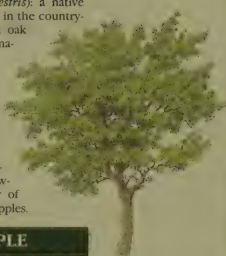
Common lime (*Tilia x euro-paea*): the second most common tree in London after the plane, it was popular in the past by roadsides, particularly during the 18th century, for its heart-shaped leaves, sweet scent in July, tolerance to hard pruning, longevity and indifference to urban pollution. The fashion for avenues of limes was started by Le Nôtre, designer of Versailles. The main disadvantage is the sticky honeydew produced by aphids which drips on parked cars and pavements. A non-drip variety, *Tilia x euchlora*, is now planted.



Ginkgo or Maidenhair tree (*Ginkgo biloba*): a tall, strong tree with strange, leathery, fan-shaped leaves which turn a clear yellow before falling in the autumn. The sole survivor of an ancient, prehistoric family of tree, it was introduced to this country in about 1758. It is regarded as sacred in the East and because of this is often planted close to Buddhist temples.

MAIDENHAIR TREE

Crab apple (*Malus sylvestris*): a native British tree, usually found in the countryside and in particular in oak woods; several types of ornamental flowering crab apple trees have been developed for planting in streets. Shrub-like in character, in the main it grows no higher than 30 feet. The fruit attracts birds and is small, hard and bitter, but despite these drawbacks, it is the ancestor of many of today's cultivated apples.



CRAB APPLE

Silver birch (*Betula pendula*): with its straight, silvery-white trunk and gracefully arched branches, this is one of the most easily recognized trees in the city. Children in particular will know it for its catkins and its distinctive whirling, winged seeds. Its popularity in London's streets is explained by its convenient size, usually between 40 and 60 feet. The silver birch is native to Britain and was a holy tree in pagan times. The use of its twigs in the ritual of driving out the spirits of the old year may explain why it eventually came to be used to flog offenders.



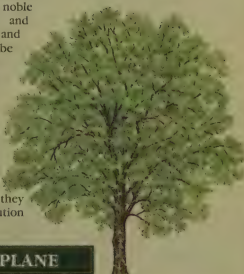
SILVER BIRCH

Rowan or mountain ash (*Sorbus aucuparia*): small ornamental tree, it is so hardy that it can often be seen standing solitary on bleak hillsides. In late May and early June it has flattened heads of creamy flowers, while in late August and September it is laden with bunches of orange-red berries.



ROWAN

London Plane (*Platanus x hispanica*): this tall, noble tree with its grey and cream peeling bark and bobbly fruit can be seen throughout the city. Of Westminster's 5,000 trees, 3,532 are planes. First recorded in this country about 1663, the oldest in London are those in Berkeley Square, planted in 1789. They are popular because they can withstand pollution and mutilation.



LONDON PLANE



Tree of heaven (*Ailanthus altissima*): a striking, tall tree, with fronds of ribbon leaves and brown bark zig-zagged with cream stripes. Very fast growing and tough, this tree first appeared in a garden in Mill Hill belonging to Peter Collinson (1694-1768), grown from seeds sent by a Jesuit father at the Court of Peking.

TREE OF HEAVEN



Wild cherry (*Prunus avium*): this tree is popular in suburban streets because of its beautiful snow-white blossom which appears on the tree in April, before the leaves come out. Unfortunately, it flowers for only two to three weeks, although there are other compensations—birds are attracted to the fruit in July and its leaves turn crimson in Autumn. Its main drawback in an urban setting is that it has a shallow root system which may eventually lift the surrounding paving stones.

WILD CHERRY

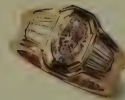


Locust tree or false acacia (*Robinia pseudo-acacia*): the heroine of all those Acacia Avenues, this is an attractive ornamental tree of the pea family. It has feathery-looking foliage of fragile leaflets and drooping clusters of white scented flowers in June. Introduced from America to France

by Jean Robin (hence the name) in 1601, it appeared in this country in 1624 and was particularly popular in England in the 19th century.

LOCUST TREE

"But where's your old sports car?" I asked.



"I've just put it on your finger," he laughed.



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The quality and value of all diamonds are judged by the 4Cs (cut, colour, clarity and carat weight) but fine diamonds like these have a special fire and brilliance.

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A diamond is forever.



From the left: gold and diamond playing-card case, £12,495, at Garrard. Gold and diamond fancy-set ring, £3,700, also at Garrard. Gold and diamond cigarette lighter by Cartier, £10,150, at Huggins & Webb. Diamond set gold and black enamel star earrings, £2,035, at Tiffany. Handwoven tapestry bag with gold chain and clasp, £5,600, at Garrard. Two-colour gold moneyclip, £198, at Asprey. Gold and diamond set dice with crocodile case, £4,600, at Garrard. Hugs and kisses gold brooch, £510, at Tiffany. Pocket watch encased in genuine gold dollar coin, £4,591, at Huggins & Webb. Gold and diamond set zip necklace, £8,200, at Garrard. Toffee-shaped pill box in silver and silver-gilt, £152, at Garrard. Gold and diamond credit card holder, £7,750, at Garrard. Gambling chips from Selfridges: green haite from Peter Jones. Garrard & Co. 112 Regent Street London, W1. Asprey & Co. 165-169 New Bond Street London, W1. Tiffany & Co. 25 Old Bond Street London, W1. Huggins & Webb 65 Drompton Road London, SW3.

Maureen Walker picks some presents to pamper – from gold moneyclips to a silver passport holder, from a gold and diamond playing-card case to a tapestry bag.

GIFTS TO PAMPER



From the top: clear
crystal Scottie dog
brooch, £62, at Monty
Don. Tasseled gilt
necklace, £120, from a
selection at Cobra &
Bellamy. Brooch with
giant glass stone,
£20.75, by Prism at
Hyper Hyper.
Aquamarine paste and
diamanté bracelet,
£120, at Cobra &
Bellamy. Black enamel
and crystal pin, £52, at
Cobra & Bellamy.
Silver passport holder,
£1,175, and black
crocodile suitcase,
£3,650, both at Asprey.
Monty Don
58 Beauchamp Place
London, SW3.
Cobra & Bellamy
149 Sloane Street
London, SW1.
Hyper Hyper
26-40 Kensington
High Street
London, W8.
Asprey
165-169 New Bond
Street
London, W1.



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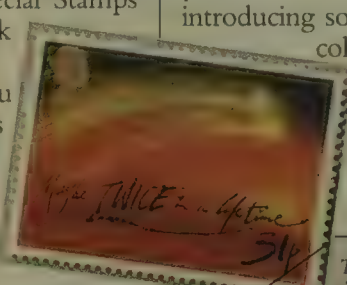
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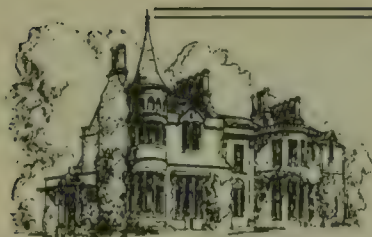
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Ferriby's Bronze Age boatbuilders

Nearly half a century after his first find on the Humber shore,

E. V. Wright believes he may have unearthed the world's oldest known boatyard.

Discoveries of ancient planked boats, though exciting in themselves, rarely extend our understanding of how they were made and operated. This is why the suggestion that the site where the North Ferriby boats were found in 1937 may be a boatyard dating from 1500 BC is generating new interest in the Bronze Age craft, now confirmed as the oldest plank-built boats yet discovered outside Ancient Egypt.

Recent research on the three boat fragments and other material from the site suggests that the shore of the Humber estuary may have offered not only a landing, but a yard for repairing and refitting, if not actually building ancient boats. If this conclusion is valid, Ferriby has the oldest boatyard so far known.

The boats themselves, which are about 16 metres long, are remarkable structures made with great skill, using only the simplest bronze or flint tools. Less familiar to the reader may be the accumulation over nearly 50 years of an assortment of smaller wooden artifacts discovered from the surrounding area. The tidal deposit in which they lay, a permanently wet silty clay, is peculiarly kind to material of vegetable origin which has been shown to remain unchanged for more than 3,000 years and continues so unless it is allowed to dry out.

Close proximity of one artifact to another is no guarantee either of association or that they even date from the same period. Nevertheless, no wooden object from the site so far radio-carbon dated has been shown to be later than c 1000 BC and the majority of the dates obtained cluster around 1500 BC. Furthermore, the horizontal distribution of finds is comparatively dense in the immediate area of the boats and much less so over the rest of the exposure which extends for nearly a kilometre along the strand between tide-marks. What is more significant is that without exception the wooden objects can be interpreted confidently as relating to the building or handling of boats. A few pot-fragments and a single bronze knife-blade have also been found, the majority of Bronze Age type.

Among these wooden objects are examples of withy-work. A withy is

a tie made from the branches or suckers of selected trees and prepared by twisting to separate the fibres so that it is as tough and pliable as cord. Withy-winding, which was a common and very ancient craft, is now rarely practised; but one acquaintance of mine who had wound withies from boyhood, usually from hazel, was eventually able with difficulty to prepare some from the much less malleable yew. I have experimented with these to replicate the stitching in the Ferriby boats.

A find made in 1978 from the bottom of the excavation-trench dug 15 years earlier to extract Boat 3 was obviously a fragment of yew-withy; but on closer examination it turned out that the characteristic splitting and twisting of the fibres was limited to no more than 20 millimetres of one end of the 250 millimetre piece, whereas the shaft was untwisted and the butt showed clean tool-scars where it had been cut from the parent tree. When winding a withy the butt-end of the branch is held firmly under one foot and the leafy end is twisted in the hands until the splitting is carried down to the bottom, leaving the last 200 millimetres or so intact. It was apparent therefore that my find was a discarded offcut such as would remain after the completion of a typical Ferriby withy-stitch. This one small fragment provided the key to confirmation of the hypothetical reconstruction of the stitching process in the boats.

Another example of withy-work is a tangle of what might be described as a withy-rope made of hazel possibly mixed with yew and it was uncovered during the excavation of Boat 3. Mixed with the withies were lengths of the cord of moss-fibres used in the caulking process in Boat 3, thereby confirming the association. A skilful worker can apply a special twist to withies so that they are spun together rope-fashion, and this technique appears to have been used here. One theory concerning the construction of the boats is that the ends—there is as yet no certainty which was the bow and which the stern—were each lashed round with a girth or binding passing through a finely shaped cleat on the underside.

Withy-rope was one of several possible materials available and the presence of about a metre lends weight to this idea.

Next among the objects found was a quantity of axe-chippings of oak in the clay immediately under Boat 2. These have yet to be studied in detail but superficially they appear to be typical of the debris which might be produced by blows from any type of bronze axe of the period.

Turning to other artifacts, one, which was found in 1946, was ill-recorded and did not turn out well in conservation, was an L-shaped tool of oak with a 12.5 millimetre hole through the longer arm. It was interpreted at the time of discovery as "something to do with the stitching process". A replica has been found in experiments to be ideally suited to applying the final pull to the end of a stitch while at the same time maintaining the twist without which the strength is quickly lost.

Even more applicable to boat-working, although not necessarily associated with the boats themselves, was a finely made paddle-blade now represented by an accurate replica, the original having been lost in the wartime destruction of Hull Museum. A small part of the shank of a similar example was found near Boat 2 in 1946 and proved to have been made from ash, as perhaps the first one was. Unfortunately the upper parts of the boats have yet to be discovered and there is no positive evidence to show how they were propelled: rowing, paddling, poling and sailing all being possibilities. It is thought that no great speed through the water would have been necessary for navigation in the tidal estuary, since with skill and minimum steering, the tides themselves can be made to do much of the work. It is quite possible therefore that poling in the shallows and paddling elsewhere were all that would be required even for craft of the size of the Ferriby boats, estimated as 15.70 metres long and with a maximum beam of about 1.92 metres.

Another find from 1946 with definite boat-connexions is an incomplete, small plank tapering to a point at the undamaged end and furnished with 12.5 millimetre holes around the edges. Three other examples of such objects are known to have been discovered in this country and were used to repair cracks in the shells of log-boats. There were two on the great log-boat of c 1000 BC from Brigg in Lincolnshire found in 1886, later removed to Hull Museum and another casualty of the Second World War. The larger of these patches or "tingles" was embellished with narrow cleats which were slotted through the crack and pinned on the inside by short pegs, the edges being stitched to the hull over a caulking of moss; while the smaller example was secured by stitching alone. The other example has been

identified on a log-boat from Oakmere in Cheshire, but this has yet to be dated.

The last separate artifact, and perhaps the most interesting after the boats themselves, was a large forked timber of oak, the one complete arm being 1.9 metres long and roughly squared. The other was damaged and incomplete. Transverse mortises had been cut in each and in one of these there was the broken end of a batten or tenon. The root of the fork was bored with a large oval hole at right-angles to the axis of the mortises. The resemblance of this object to one of the side-frames of a type of movable winch used until recent times for hauling nets on the coast of Finnish Lapland was recognized as early as 1947 by Professor Grahame Clark of Cambridge, and this resulted in its reconstruction in a carriage with the upper, curved arms carrying a horizontal drum.

More recently my attention has been drawn to a beautifully detailed French watercolour of 1886 showing fishing boats drawn up on the beach at Etretat with a massive capstan whose side frames are very similar to the Ferriby example and carry a vertically mounted pillar. In this and

other examples of such apparatus, which turn out to have been commonplace around the coasts of Europe, the frames normally consist of two timbers fixed together at the root rather than the natural, grown fork of our Ferriby object, but otherwise the resemblance is remarkable. As now reconstructed, we have a really practical appliance for hauling boats up a strand such as that at North Ferriby and, if my hypothesis is correct, it makes it one of the oldest known winding machines in the world. Unfortunately, a date cannot now be obtained since our forked timber was also lost in the destruction of Hull Museum.

Turning finally to the state of the boats themselves, it has long been apparent that each of the finds represented a discarded fragment from which the missing parts had been removed in antiquity, and various pieces had been left to be silted up in the deposits from which they were later exposed by natural erosion. The middle part of Boat 1, for instance, revealed broken or, more probably, cut stitches throughout the length of both edges; but, more particularly, the flimsy sealing laths, which could have been expected to have

been washed away by the slightest current-action once the stitches had been severed, were still present.

It is difficult to conceive that such a phenomenon could have survived if the wreck of a complete boat had simply been abandoned to progressive wear and tear and decay. In Boat 2 the ends of the cross-battens amidships showed clear marks of chopping, suggesting that the adjoining planks had been deliberately separated and removed, and the stitches had all been parted close to the surface of the planks, which would have been an unlikely occurrence if the adjoining planks had been forcibly broken away—then one might have expected to see irregularly torn remnants of stitches.

Boat 3 showed even more convincing evidence of deliberate dismantling and abandonment of a fragment which had come near to the end of its potential usefulness. The long splinter at the western end had been separated from the rest of the plank by chopping, but had not moved from its proper place in relation to it. Furthermore the whole fragment was found lying immediately on a platform or "hard" of poles and an old worn plank, which suggested that the piece had been laid by for some future use which in the event had not materialized. Indeed, the whole picture of the boat-remains is one of damaged or worn fragments from which usable portions had been removed and the remainder left to settle until they became waterlogged in gullies in silty strand.

While the presence of capstan and paddles might demonstrate merely boat-operation, the state of the boat fragments themselves, considered with the other smaller finds, is consistent with at least repair and refitting, if not the original building of boats. In the absence of absolute proof, I have arrived at the strong personal conviction after nearly 50 years of familiarity with the site that it is the remnants of what can justly be termed a boat-yard, dating from about 1500 BC. If there is an earlier one known anywhere in the world, I am not aware of it.

At the time of writing, two important developments are in hand relating to the study of this unique assemblage. The first is the imminent completion of a book about their discovery and excavation and giving a full description and interpretation of the finds. The second is a project under the aegis of the Isle of Wight County Archaeological Centre to build a full-scale working replica of Boat 1 according to a reconstructed design, and to subject this to sea-trials so as to establish its performance. Progress in these two directions will be a fitting recognition in 1987 of the 50th anniversary of the day in September, 1937, when I spotted the great plank ends of Boat 1 projecting from the clay ○

A full-scale replica of half of Ferriby Boat 1, one of the oldest plank boats in Europe, in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.



REVIEWS

THEATRE

Farce at its funniest

BY J. C. TREWIN

Early this century Ben Travers, as a young man hardly in key with his work in the Malacca branch of a firm of wholesale grocers, found in the public library a uniform edition of the plays of Arthur Wing Pinero. "Each one of them," he said, "was a guide-book to the technique of stagecraft." They inspired him to become a dramatist.

It was pleasant to remember this at the Lyttelton which now houses a National Theatre revival of Pinero's most famous farce, *The Magistrate*. Just before it I had seen a production of Ben Travers's own *Rookery Nook* at the Shaftesbury. Pinero turned from farce to the drawing-room dramas which would establish his fame, but Travers became the nonpareil of 20th-century farce-dramatists.

We can imagine how Travers must have admired the text of *The Magistrate* in those long Malayan days. Done at the Court in 1885, it has survived more than a century with the greatest of ease. Travers, I remember, used to say that this and its successors were a standing rebuke to Leigh Hunt's sulky dismissal of the genre as a "most unworthy compilation of pun, equivocal, and claptrap". *The Magistrate* lives on because its people, in their extraordinary situation, remain curiously real. Our sympathy is with the magistrate himself, the "beak" of Mulberry Street, that gentle innocent, who yields to his apparently precocious stepson's persuasion to go for the equivalent of a night on the tiles. It is one that moves swiftly from a little supper at a dubious hotel to a police raid and a wild chase through the north-west London night. Back in his room at Mulberry Street next morning, Aeneas Posket reflects, in a celebrated soliloquy, on the agonies of the escape that took him at last to safety in a Kilburn daybreak.

Nigel Hawthorne speaks this better than I have known it since Denys Blakelock's practically definitive performance years ago. I have



Perfectly in the mood: Gemma Craven and Nigel Hawthorne in Pinero's farce *The Magistrate*, at the Lyttelton.

never known a Posket more battered after his experience: Mr Hawthorne is extremely funny and, soliloquy over, he never lets the farce sag. A comparable tautness throughout the cast is a pleasure of Michael Rudman's totally unexaggerated production; I like the way in which his cast treats the "asides" which would soon be outmoded.

Nothing goes awry from the moment when Posket's second wife reveals (but not to him) that she has falsified her son's age by five years so that, at 19 (which he and everyone believe to be 14) he is still in Eton collars, an irresistible "juvenile" delinquent. Gemma Craven is perfectly in the mood as the guilty wife and mother. So are Alison Fiske as her sister and confidante, and Donald Pickering and Nicholas le Prevost as the two military men caught up in a frenzy of events at the Hotel des Princes. Mr Pickering (who has taken the part for a while in emergency) can express the desperately courteous Colonel as exactly as Mr le Prevost his glum and drenched colleague.

It has always puzzled me how a dramatist so unerring with the right line in the right place—see any of his major farces—could flop so sud-

denly as Pinero in a *Second Mrs Tanqueray* speech: "Isn't this fun! A rabbit ran across my foot when I was hiding behind that old yew".

Ben Travers would not have passed that. But we can see in *Rookery Nook* how, as a technician, he profited by his study of Pinero, particularly the older man's insistence on the value of climax. This play comes up regularly for revival, but I notice that in the provinces during the autumn there are to be productions of two of the lesser-known farces, *Turkey Time* (from the Aldwych sequence) and *Spotted Dick*.

Rookery Nook, a grand example of construction, does suffer a bit because it is based on what would have been a "compromising situation" in 1926 but seems now to be thoroughly innocent. Some of the performances, too, are not wholly plausible: Ian Ogilvy's, say, lacking the brisk raffishness of a Tom Walls, and Derek Smith too consciously at work as the bullied husband created by Robertson Hare. However, various other players are fluently engaged: Tom Courtenay for one, bringing his personal sense of style to the Ralph Lynn part, and Peggy Mount as a massive Mary Brough figure, the housekeeper of *Rookery Nook*, whose "Earlier than that I cannot be" grew into a catchphrase of its time. Even Leigh Hunt might have responded, given the chance.

CINEMA

Farrah's fight with a rapist

BY GEORGE PERRY

A woman called Marjorie is sexually assaulted one evening by a masked man, but she manages to escape and report the incident to the police. They can do nothing because she has no description and no witnesses. But her attacker has her wallet and knows where she lives. When she asks for police protection she is told she must wait until the attacker reappears, then call them.

The two women with whom she shares her house are concerned by her increasingly neurotic condition and the way in which she snarls suspiciously at every male who comes near. Apprehensions are reasonable; it is only a matter of time before the rapist strikes again, when she is alone and unprotected.

After hideous struggles she manages to immobilize him by squirting fly-killer in his face, now making him her victim. She knows

that without witnesses and a completed act of rape the police will not charge him, so she resolves to mete out justice herself in an appropriately grisly manner, by burying him alive in the tomato patch.

For the last five years *Extremities* has been a successful play, and its author, William Mastrosimone, adapted it for the cinema, with Robert M. Young directing. James Russo, who plays the man, acted the part in New York with three successive leading ladies, the last of whom was Farrah Fawcett, and it is she who is in the film.

The former fluffy star of *Charlie's Angels* has toughened up. She is a boiling cauldron of anger, incapable of controlling her violent rage. When her shocked housemates return they find a bloodied, blinded man tied up in the fireplace, and a dishevelled, crazed woman in her underwear ready to kill him. One, played by Diana Scarwid, is a former rape victim and has distanced herself from the experience, and the other (Alfre Woodard) is the voice of compassion for the man ("He's a human being!").

Clearly, it is a strong piece and its theatrical success has depended on the transfer of the violent impulse from one gender to the other, thus agitating ambivalent feelings in the audience. But what makes a satisfying *coup de théâtre* does not necessarily transfer to the screen, with its close-up realism. *Extremities* only narrowly misses being an exploitation movie, and its theatricality has not been successfully purged from the writing. Marjorie, through no fault of Farrah Fawcett, who grasps the nettle with nerve-jolting intensity, is not a rounded character—there is little to explain who she is and why she lives as she does.

Coincidentally, a similar situation arises in another film which, like *Extremities*, will be shown in the London Film Festival before its public opening. *Smooth Talk* is about a Californian teenager at odds with her parents and bored by the long, hot summer, who is longing to satisfy her awakened sexual urges. While she is alone in the remote family home a mysterious young man, played by the unconventionally handsome Treat Williams, appears at the door, inviting her to ride in his open-top car, and in his seductive patter reveals that he has an omniscient knowledge of her life.

But unlike *Extremities* the danger is psychological rather than physical and the outcome indeterminate. The director, Joyce Chopra, has successfully projected the romantic yearnings and frustrations of adolescence, and Laura Dern, Eric Stolz's blind girlfriend in *Mask*, combines gauche innocence with wild provocativeness, perfectly portraying a shy virgin who thinks she might be a sexpot. The familiar rites-of-passage situation receives a new slant.

OPERA

The Ring of Welsh success

BY MARGARET DAVIES

Fortunate is the operagoer who makes his or her first acquaintance with Wagner's *Ring* through Welsh National Opera's straightforward, unpretentious production which opened the season at the Royal Opera House to packed houses. It should not be missed when it comes this month to Birmingham and then Bristol. Built up over two years in Cardiff and first performed there as a complete cycle in September, it was designed as a touring production to accommodate to varying stage dimensions and technical facilities. These considerations and the company's modest budget eliminated any possibility of an elaborate staging. The result may not have been visually memorable but it concentrated on essentials and beneficially explored the inter-relationships between the characters. Musically it confirmed Richard Armstrong's authority as a Wagnerian conductor and consolidated a new *Ring* cast.

Having set the Prologue in what, when it first appeared in 1983, resembled a 19th-century railway station complete with ornamental ironwork and rows of pillars, the producer Göran Järvefelt and his designer Carl Friedrich Oberle switched to sombre rocky back-grounds for large parts of the three main operas, with suitable residences for Hunding and the Gibichungs. Hunding's hut, a wooden structure erected around a massive ash tree, was equipped, beside the basic furniture, with an altar to Fricka. The Gibichung hall was elegantly decorated, and outside, where the vassals assembled, were more altars to Wotan, Fricka and Donner, reminders of the bond between gods and mortals.

The lack of a forest for either Mime's forge or Fafner's lair made the variations on rockface rather monotonous. There was but one tree, which shed its leaves on Siegfried as he fashioned his pipe, and among whose branches perched the Woodbird, nodding its head knowingly at the hero's musical experiments. There was, in fact, quite an impressive menagerie for those who set store by Wagner's stage directions: ravens in *Rhinegold* as well as the usual dragon and toad; a horse, at least its head was visible, from which Hunding dismounted; a playful bear and a picture-book Fafner-dragon whose flailing tail required some

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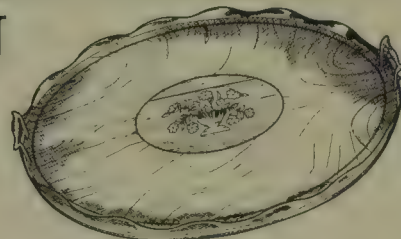
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The Duke of Windsor with Mrs Simpson after his abdication, 1937.

**Picasso's fighting bull.
His sketches at the Royal Academy
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nimble footwork from Siegfried, though it was not the most terrifying guardian of the gold.

Moments of insight in the dramatic interplay fleshed out the bones of this shoe-string production: the Volsungs' sharing of the cup of mead which took on a *Tristan*-like significance; Brünnhilde's tender concern for the dying Siegmund; the intimacy of Erda and Wotan's exchanges in *Siegfried*; Gutrune's reluctance and distress before and after her marriage to Siegfried; and Hagen's alert watchfulness as he hatched and executed his revenge on Siegfried.

The lucid unfolding of the drama was immeasurably aided by the audibility of Andrew Porter's translation, familiar from the ENO *Ring* but heard to far better advantage in the acoustic of the Royal Opera House than at the Coliseum. Credit is also due to Armstrong's conducting, which offset the heavier orchestral effects with passages of exquisite lyricism and kept a good balance between stage and pit.

Jeffrey Lawton's beefy, boyish Siegfried was heroically and generously sung and well sustained throughout. Anne Evans matched him in fearlessness as the young Brünnhilde, expanding to the full range of human emotions after her

awakening, and reserving power and radiance for the final Immolation scene. Phillip Joll's Wotan lacked focus in the early scenes, gaining stature as the Wanderer, but without finding his best voice. Kathryn Harries was an impassioned Sieglinde and a moving Gutrune; she was partnered by the ardent Siegmund of Warren Ellsworth, a tenor with a fine baritone lower register. Nicholas Folwell sang with firm, rounded tones as Alberich, and John Tranter contributed three well differentiated portrayals as Hunding, Fafner the dragon, and Hagen, Graham Clark's vivid Loge was the personification of fire; Anne Collins as the earth-bound Erda lent true Wagnerian weight to her portentous pronouncements. Others, too numerous to list, sang with valour and commitment, including the lusty chorus of vassals.



ART Picasso: sketching for truth

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

The exhibition of Picasso's sketchbooks at the Royal Academy, *Je suis le Cahier*, certainly tells us a great deal about the nature and evolution of Picasso's art. The earlier sketchbooks, those of the Blue Period for example, and the highly important one which was used when Picasso was evolving *Les Femmes d'Alger*, are the more conven-

tional in content, if not always in style; that is, they show the artist waging a traditional struggle against the recalcitrance of his own ideas.

At some point, however—perhaps as early as the beginning of the 1920s—Picasso threw down all these barriers, as no artist had done before. His problem then became his own inexorable fluency. He could give convincing shape to any idea that occurred to him—immediately. There began a process of “uglifying”. The greatest draughtsman of the 20th century went back not only to his own beginnings, but to everyone's, and tried to learn to draw as gracefully as a small child. The culmination of this process is the series of very late drawings, often erotic, sometimes scatological, always totally uninhibited. I do not, like some people, find these a decline. I do detect in them an increasing note of desperation: both Picasso's despair at loss of physical powers, and his despair that art was still too easy.

At the National Gallery, *Dutch Landscape: The Early Years* is a much quieter show, but an intelligent one. It traces the evolution of a revolutionary form—not merely landscape as such, but the picture without a subject. These unpretentious paintings are in a paradoxical way the first abstracts. They propose none of the great themes which had until then occupied the painter, but are made simply for their own sake.

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SAINT-JULIEN



GRAND CRU CLASSE EN 1855

The Agency in perspective

BY ROBERT BLAKE

The Agency, The Rise and Decline of the CIA

by John Ranelagh

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £20

One is instinctively suspicious about books purporting to give the history of post-war secret intelligence. Doubts are not diminished by the efforts of British authors. The only person to be trusted as far as the UK is concerned is Christopher Andrews, an academic historian who sticks to facts and does not guess. (The story of wartime intelligence is another matter. In that field authoritative books do exist.) The situation in America is quite different. The Freedom of Information Act, the domination of the media, a "democratic" ethos, "bleeding heart" guilt and a belief in open government which may or may not be wise but is grist to every journalist's mill, have combined to make it possible to write a book about the Central Intelligence Agency since 1945 which would be inconceivable about MI6. John Ranelagh has produced an account of the CIA which is based on a mass of personal testimony and documentation totally out of reach of any historian seeking comparable material in Britain, also on Congressional Committee reports far more searching than anything ever undertaken or likely to be undertaken by Parliament.

No doubt a great deal of the information in this long and fascinating book is available in print elsewhere. There has been an immense literature on the subject in the USA and a

lesser amount in Britain, but there is no co-ordinated history which attempts to put the complicated story into perspective. John Ranelagh has carried out the task with much success and he has supplemented printed material with many personal interviews and information from unpublished papers. On the debit side there is a certain breathless rush about the book as if the deadline was ever present in his mind. He is also addicted to footnotes of great length; many read like after-thoughts which would have been better incorporated in the text. On the asset side there is balance, good sense and detachment.

The author is a programme commissioner for Channel Four but for those who hope for confirmation of their view that this medium—I declare an interest as a director—is totally subversive, radical and anti-establishment will be disappointed. John Ranelagh recognizes the errors and improprieties committed by the CIA, but he also recognizes the pressures and difficulties under which it worked and the novelty of the problems which post-war America faced, a new world power suddenly precipitated into a situation unparalleled in her history.

There is a left-wing myth much beloved by publicity seeking "investigative journalists" that the CIA has been all along a sinister *imperium in imperio* conducting its own highly right-wing policies without responsibility to anyone and independently of constitutional authority. If

the author does nothing else—and in fact he does much more—he effectively disposes of this delusion. The CIA was always under the President. Of course many of its activities were concealed from Congress, but what else would one expect? If a country is to have a secret intelligence service with the slightest chance of success, it would be lunacy to let anything of importance be known to a leaky legislature—at any rate not until long after the event. But there were difficult problems about the precise relationship with the President. One of the key problems which later caused immense scandal was the assassination of hostile national leaders or potential leaders. In fact the CIA does not appear to have actually assassinated anyone but, as one of the Agency's later Directors, William Colby, remarked, "it was not for lack of trying".

In 1976 a Select Committee of the Senate under the chairmanship of Senator Church reported on the conduct of the CIA, and few items caused a greater sensation than the revelation that repeated attempts had been made to "eliminate" Fidel Castro and other high-up Cubans, and that a detailed plan had been made to do the same to Patrice Lumumba, the Congolese leader who was, however, captured and murdered by supporters of his rival Mobutu before the plot could be carried out. Similar plans existed to assassinate Colonel Abdul Kassem of Iraq and President Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. The

Church Committee found insufficient evidence to implicate Eisenhower or Kennedy, but it defies belief to suppose that they had not given implicit consent. The CIA obeys the President's orders within the limit assigned by law; but only within it, for Richard Helms, Director 1966-73, categorically refused to pull the Agency into a cover-up over Watergate, despite much pressure from above.

The fortunes of the Agency fluctuated. Its heyday was in the years of Truman and Eisenhower—years of the East Coast Establishment to which neither President belonged but whose mandarins they employed and accepted. The CIA did best under Eisenhower who understood the rules of devolution and chain of command. It fared badly under Kennedy, impetuous and devious, but received its worst setback over Vietnam where its sceptical advice was correct, though unthanked, and the ensuing public hostility to Washington and all its works did it great damage. The Agency has now moved more and more into quantitative analysis of the immense amount of technical information available through satellites, and out of the qualitative world of people. One can see why. It is safer and less contentious. But people, not computers, still decide events. The accuracy of technology is not a substitute for the analysis, however difficult, of the mind of the enemy. And the enemy is no longer just the USSR, but a many-headed mob of disparate fanatics.

RECENT FICTION

Gripping saga of family conflict

BY HARRIET WAUGH

The Free Frenchman

by Piers Paul Read

Secker & Warburg, £10.95

Love Unknown

by A. N. Wilson

Hamish Hamilton, £9.95

Innocence

by Penelope Fitzgerald

Collins, £9.95

Piers Paul Read has done something both dangerous and daring. He has written a block-buster about France's questionable behaviour in the

Second World War and wrapped it up in a highly enjoyable saga involving members of a minor aristocratic French family who take different sides during the conflict. Bertrand, the hero, leaves France castigated as a traitor and joins de Gaulle's Free French in London. His younger brother, an Anglophobe, looks to Pétain as the true representative of the French people and ends up fighting for Germany.

For the first time those like myself who were brought up to think that the Allies liberated France and that Pétain and all those who stood with him were quislings, while de Gaulle represented the true spirit of the French, are shown in this masterly novel how the considerations and emotions that engaged the French when invaded by Germany were far more complex. *The Free Frenchman* shines a light on an episode in history which still bedevils relations between the French and the English.

However, the French may well consider it an impertinence for an English novelist to think that he can possibly understand them!

The novel opens in 1890. Two girls, best friends, are about to leave school. Alice, pretty, rich and intelligent, marries into the minor aristocracy. The other, Françoise, mousy, silly, genteelly poor and on the shelf, makes a socially suicidal marriage to a radical schoolmaster. He becomes one of the foremost thinkers in France.

Around the 1930s the offspring of these two marriages form a misalliance. Between Bertrand and Magdalen, Piers Paul Read draws together the threads of the social and political life of France. Bertrand, the hero, is a civil servant whose intelligent liberalism is offset by a strong Catholic rectitude. He is the elder son of the house. The younger son, Louis, is a non-intellectual, regular soldier. Politically right wing, he is full of bombastic good humour.

As well as following Bertrand's loves, miseries, sexual frustrations, intellectual quagmires and religious life, the novel also shows the birth of the French Communist party, the difficulties experienced by the Free French in England, the factionalism of the Resistance, the involvement of the French mafia, the erosion of ideals, the dubious behaviour of the Catholic church, the treatment of the Jews, and the corrupting pressure of Germany on Pétain's government. All this is encased within a story that makes gripping reading.

Love Unknown, A. N. Wilson's new novel, is his most entertaining since *Wise Virgin*. It revolves around three women friends who, as young things in the 1960s, shared a flat, hairdriers and girlish confidences. We meet them again in early middle age. Pretty Richeldis is married to the good-looking boyfriend whom the three friends had discussed and sighed over all those years ago. She is

now less pretty but still happy and complacently a loving wife and mother. She represents to the two other friends, Belinda and Monica, what they conspicuously lack—female fulfilment and completeness. Belinda, Lady Mason, is jolly, good-hearted and much-married. Her main activity is the pursuit of true love in short-lived romances with younger men. Monica, the most interesting of the three, lives in Paris.

Belinda and Richeldis pity her—and speculate whether she is still a virgin. She is not. However, when Monica, in her 20s left money by her elderly admirer, decided to give up her editing job in publishing and retire to Paris, to read, walk and learn a different language every year, she did so as a conscious decision not to participate in the hurly-burly of life. She may be no virgin, but she lives the life of a self-indulgent 16th-century nun and is, without being complacent like Richeldis, curiously content. All this changes when she and Belinda catch Richeldis's husband, Simon, with his secretary at Fontainebleau.

Love Unknown is elegantly written and enormously enjoyable, with the subsidiary characters enhancing the fun. I have only one quarrel with Mr Wilson and that is related to a matter of pitch. When Monica loses her dignity and critical faculty to love, her love talk is so dreadful that I wondered for a moment if A. N. Wilson was losing his touch. It was only when contemplating the novel as a whole that I decided that it was not bad writing, rather he was indicating the reductive effect that love can have on even intelligent women.

Penelope Fitzgerald is one of those quietly entertaining writers whose seeming simplicity disguises more density of thought and feeling than her stories appear to warrant. I read *Innocence* with great enjoyment but was not sure at the finish what I had got out of it.

It tells of an inappropriate romance and marriage between a young Italian girl educated in England and a poor doctor in Florence. Chiara Ridolfi, the girl, is an innocent whose life has been cloistered within the beautiful run-down villa, the *Ricordanza*, with its strange legend of a midget dynasty. Her eccentric philanthropic aunt, Magdalenna, her kindly father and an aged servant are her only company.

The hero, the doctor Salvatore, is a more complex character, being in a state of constant war with himself. His upbringing has left him cynical. He wishes to live life through the cold exercise of the intellect. But emotions rampage through him and he is finally thrown into chaos by falling in love with the simple Chiara.

As I have said, it is about a lot, but I was, at the end, not sure quite what. However, it can be read with perfect enjoyment without looking for deeper meaning.

TOP CHOICE

Some Small Harvest

by Glyn Daniel

Thames and Hudson, £12.95

Impeccably academic and scholarly—Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, Disney Professor of Archaeology, editor of *Antiquity*—Glyn Daniel carries his learning lightly. He has thus been ideally suited to the task of introducing archaeology, and of communicating some of its excitement, to the vast new audience created by journalism and in particular by television. Those who have seen him at work in such programmes as *Buried Treasure* and *Chronicle* will not be surprised to learn that his memoirs bubble with enthusiasm and anecdote.

As always, he has many thoughtful comments on his chosen subject, and is harsh, but entertaining, about its lunatic fringes or as he calls them, the practitioners of bullshit archaeology. "These are the people," he writes, "who believe in the lost tribes of Israel, Egypto-centrism, Atlantis, Mu, straight lines; these are the key hunters and the pyramidiots; these are the people who find the signs of the zodiac in the quiet hedgerows of the English countryside. I sometimes wonder whether it is not something curiously significant that one of the places (apart from Glastonbury, where poor misguided Mrs Maltwood started it all) in which these zodiac signs have been found is the surely appropriately named village of Nuthampstead."

Anyone who needs convincing that archaeology can be fun should read these memoirs; those who already know will already be doing so.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Bernard Shaw: The Diaries 1885-1897

Edited and annotated by Stanley Weintraub
Pennsylvania State University Press, £65 (two volumes)

Bernard Shaw did not write diaries for publication, or even for practising his prose. Most of the entries comprise the briefest record of his day-to-day activity (December 1, 1891: "Began review of musical book for *The Illustrated London News*")—and a meticulous account of his expenses (March 25, 1893: "Dinner 10d, Papers 2½d, Train Charing + to Victoria 1½d"). Overall the diaries show how arduously he worked and how lacking in self-confidence the young and private Shaw was while labouring to polish the public image, but the interesting bits are rare and the diaries should be seen as source material for Shavian scholars and not for the general reader.

JAMES BISHOP

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 (1) **A Matter of Honour** by Jeffrey Archer
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
Could do (and has done) better.
- 2 (—) **A Misalliance** by Anita Brookner
Jonathan Cape, £9.50
Deals brilliantly with a lonely woman.
- 3 (2) **A Taste for Death** by P. D. James
Faber & Faber, £9.95
Relentless investigation by poet-detective.
- 4 (3) **Act of Will** by Barbara Taylor Bradford
Grafton Books, £9.95
Readable family saga.
- 5 (—) **Lake Wobegon Days** by Garrison Keillor
Faber & Faber, £9.95
Folksy but cleverly beguiling account of American small-town life.
- 6 (5) **The Power of the Sword** by Wilbur Smith
Heinemann, £10.95
Up to standard in his usual exciting way.
- 7 (4) **A Perfect Spy** by John le Carré
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
The father as a spy makes brilliant novel.
- 8 (—) **Through a Glass Darkly** by Karleen Koen
Macdonald, £10.95
Or how to become very rich writing a colourful historical novel!
- 9 (—) **The Pianoplayers** by Anthony Burgess
Hutchinson, £8.95
A minor work from a major writer.
- 10 (—) **Mordant's Need: The Mirror of Her Dreams** by Stephen Donaldson
Collins, £10.95
Volume I of a new two-part series.

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (8) **Royal Wedding: Andrew & Sarah** by Audrey Daly
Ladybird, 75p
- 2 (—) **The Pebbled Shore** by Elizabeth Longford
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £14.95
The gentle memoirs of a wonderful woman.
- 3 (2) **The ITN Book of The Royal Wedding** by Alastair Burnet
Michael O'Mara, £8.95
- 4 (—) **Another Bloody Tour: England in the West Indies 1986** by Frances Edmonds
Kingswood Press, £9.95
Another stir to a sorry story.
- 5 (4) **Ford** by Robert Lacey
Heinemann, £14.95
The rise and stumble of a motor car dynasty.
- 6 (1) **Invitation to a Royal Wedding** by Trevor Hall
Collins, £9.95
- 7 (—) **GCHQ: The Untold Story of the Secret Wireless War** by Nigel West
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95
The lid off GCHQ from its start until now.
- 8 (10) **Life and Death in Shanghai** by Nien Cheng
Grafton Books, £12.95
The horrors of the Cultural Revolution.
- 9 (6) **TV-am Official Celebration of the Royal Wedding** by Gordon Honeycombe
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.95
- 10 (3) **Monty: The Field Marshal 1944-1976** by Nigel Hamilton
Hamish Hamilton, £15
Final volume of a major biography.

PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (9) **Lucky** by Jackie Collins
Pan, £3.50
The sequel to *Chances*.
- 2 (1) **Hold the Dream** by Barbara Taylor Bradford
Grafton Books, £3.50
Gushing fantasy for afternoons by the pool.
- 3 (—) **Family and Friends** by Anita Brookner
Grafton Books, £2.50
Somewhat different from her other books.
- 4 (8) **Paradise Postponed** by John Mortimer
Penguin, £3.50.
A delightfully witty and old-fashioned novel.
- 5 (7) **The Color Purple** by Alice Walker
Women's Press, £3.95
Award-winning novel of the Deep South.
- 6 (2) **The Burning Shore** by Wilbur Smith
Pan, £2.95
Love between a noble French girl and an English general's son.
- 7 (—) **Lily, my Lovely** by Lena Kennedy
Futura, £2.95
Absorbing read about her cockney world.
- 8 (—) **Jian** by Eric van Lustbader
Grafton Books, £2.50
Violence and intrigue in the Far East.
- 9 (—) **The House of Spirits** by Isabel Allende
Corgi, £3.95
Stunning family saga set in Chile.
- 10 (3) **Skeleton Crew** by Stephen King
Futura, £3.50
Spine-chilling collection of short stories.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (—) **The Monocled Mutineer** by William Allison and John Fairley
Quartet, £2.50
Compelling account of the man who led a 1917 British Army mutiny.
- 2 (9) **The Taste of Health** by Jenny Rogers
BBC, £5.50
Succulent foods that are good for you.
- 3 (4) **The Royal Wedding**
Jarrold, £1.95
Acceptable record of a great occasion.
- 4 (10) **Why You Don't Need Meat** by Peter Cox
Thorsons, £2.50
All right for some peoples' diet!
- 5 (5) **Year of the King** by Antony Sher
Chatto & Windus, £4.50
The experience of being Richard III in a major production.
- 6 (7) **Fat Man in the Kitchen** by Tom Vernon
BBC, £4.95
Gastronomic tour of 12 countries.
- 7 (—) **OS Motoring Atlas of Great Britain**
Newnes Books, £3.95
- 8 (—) **Elvis and Me** by Priscilla Presley
Arrow, £2.95
The inside story.
- 9 (2) **Slow Boats Home** by Gavin Young
Penguin, £3.95
Delightful travel book.
- 10 (—) **Massage for Healing and Relaxation** by Carola Beresford-Cooke
Arlington, £3.95
So *that's* what massage is for!

Brackets show last month's position.
Information from National Book League.
Comments by Martyn Goff.

SIMPSON'S EYE FOR DETAIL

This edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game comprises four objects which will shortly be coming up for sale at Phillips. They are a watercolour and bodycolour over pencil, by Walter Simpson, signed and inscribed "The Great Wall of China, 1886", a George I walnut bureau cabinet, a portrait group painting by Harold Knight and a rare early 19th-century silver fireman's arm badge of the Atlas Assurance Company, founded in 1808. Readers are invited to match their estimates of the prices that these may fetch with those of a panel drawn from the three London salerooms taking part—Bonhams, Christie's and Phillips—and chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*.

The Cavalry Affair of the Heights of Bulganak—the First Gun, Sep^r 1854, by William Simpson.

In 1854, when William Simpson was trying to persuade his employers, the lithographers Day & Son, to send him to the Crimea as a war artist, he flourished a contemporary newspaper full of accounts of sieges and battles and argued: "Here they are, making 'gabions', 'fascines', 'traverses' etc. What are they? No one knows. If I were there, I could send sketches of them, so that everyone would understand."

To the Crimean war he went, earning the nickname "Crimean Simpson" largely on the strength of a portfolio of 80 lithographs printed by Day and published by the Bond Street dealers, Colnaghi. The prints proved extremely popular, and Simpson reckoned that Colnaghi's made £12,000 on the deal, then a very large sum. He was paid only £20 for each original drawing. A set of these prints, collectively called *The Seat of the War in the East*, one of which we illustrate, below, sold at Phillips in April, 1986 for £1,250. In 1984 a small watercolour of the Naval Brigade in Crimea realized £400, and a watercolour of Arabs near the Pyramids made £1,800. The much finer watercolour, opposite, being sold on November 3 is, as indicated, expected to fetch much more.

Simpson was born in humble circumstances in Glasgow and came to London in 1851, aged 27, as

a lithographer. From 1866 to his death in 1899, aged 75, he covered a wide variety of assignments across the globe for *The Illustrated London News*. His coverage of the Franco-Prussian War was among his notable successes. His eye for detail extended to his own lines of communication: time and again he scooped his rivals by getting his drawing home first. His work took him to America, India, Afghanistan, Africa and China, where he covered the Emperor's wedding.

£1,000 for Dorset reader

The September auction was won by Dr Norman of Blandford in Dorset. He will receive a £1,000 voucher from Christie's for coming closest to the aggregate for the four items as estimated by the *ILN* panel. In fact his estimate for the total, £34,000, was exact, though his figures for individual items differed from those of the panel, which were as follows:

A Gilbert bust	£15,800
B Art Deco cocktail cabinet	£1,800
C Octagonal library table	£7,900
D Silver-plated tea set	£8,500



ILN AUCTION: WIN £1,000 PHILLIPS VOUCHER



B Walnut bureau cabinet

A George I walnut bureau cabinet, 1.07m wide. In a sale on November 18 at 11am. (Viewing November 14, 9am-4.30pm, 15, 8.30am-noon, 17, 9am-4.30pm, 18, 9am-10.30pm.)
Phillips estimate: £8,000-£12,000.

A The Great Wall of China

The Great Wall of China at the Nan-Chow Gate, by William Simpson, watercolour and bodycolour over pencil, signed and inscribed "The Great Wall of China, 1886", 52cm × 79cm. In a sale on November 3, 11am. (Viewing October 30, 11am-5pm, 31, 8.30am-5pm, November 1, 8.30am-noon, 3, 8.30am-10.30am.)
Phillips estimate: £5,000-£8,000.



C A portrait group painting

A portrait group painting by Harold Knight of Lamorna Birch (left), Robert Hughes (front) and village locals, 150cm × 183cm. In a sale of Modern British paintings, drawings and sculpture on November 11 at 11am. (Viewing November 6, 7, 9am-5pm, 8, 9am-noon, 9, noon-5pm, 10, 9am-5pm.)
Phillips estimate: £50,000-£80,000.

D Silver fireman's arm badge

A rare early 19th-century silver fireman's arm badge of the Atlas Assurance Company, founded 1808, 11cm × 16cm. In a sale of Firemarks and Fire Memorabilia on November 17 at noon. (Viewing November 14, 9am-5pm, 15, 9am-noon, 17, 9am-11am.)
Phillips estimate: £700-£1,000.



HOW TO ENTER

The four items illustrated on this page are to come up for sale at Phillips in London in November. Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Phillips which can be redeemed at any Phillips sale or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on the painting by William Simpson, which the experts judged the most difficult of the four items to estimate, most closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the November competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* office not later than November 30, 1986. Entry is free and readers may make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the November, 1986 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the November auction will be announced in the January issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at Christie's.

NOVEMBER COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

All entries must be received in the *ILN* office by November 30, 1986.

Send the completed form to:

The Illustrated London News (November Auction)
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

Estimate for object A _____ Estimate for object C _____

Estimate for object B _____ Estimate for object D _____

TOTAL ESTIMATE _____

Name _____

Address _____

A society for all seasons

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

The International Wine and Food Society is well named. Its aim is the appreciation of good food and fine wine, "of the civilizing pleasures of the table" which naturally embraces, indeed stimulates, good conversation and good company. The Society has nearly 10,000 members belonging to branches or "chapters" all over the world. Every four years there is an international convention at which members can meet opposite numbers to compare notes, exchange ideas and, with a common bond, enjoy five days of conviviality. The most recent gathering was in September and some 450 members, including wives or husbands, assembled in Strasbourg. Delegates—a disparate group, not all well heeled but mainly comfortably off—came from 17 countries, as far afield as Australia, Puerto Rico, Hong Kong, Sweden and Canada, from all over the United States and, of course, from the United Kingdom where the Society was founded and where it still has its headquarters.

What makes a successful branch? On a recent trip to California I

attended, for the second time, one of the major events of the Marin County branch. It was a quite remarkable tasting of 13 vintages of Château Lafite, from 1970 back to 1945, over the course of an exquisite dinner at the Stanford Court Hotel, San Francisco. But were all meetings of the branch as esoteric and exclusive? I asked the Chairman of the branch if I could see how they operated and I was later sent a list of members and the past year's programme.

Here is the anatomy of a happy and successful branch. It starts at the top. To exist, the branch or chapter needs members, but to attract and hold members someone must organize events that suit both their varied interest and rarely bottomless pockets. The most fortunate branch is one with a lively and likeable chairman. The Marin County is lucky to have Haskell Norman, a semi-retired doctor, who devotes days a week to branch affairs and sets in train a variety of activities which appeal to members of the Society far beyond the San Francisco Bay area. Of the

421 members, some 22 come from outside the state of California, including, strangely, two from Canada and two from Australia.

Over the past 18 months the branch's activities have ranged from an Abalone Luncheon and a tasting of rare vintages of Quinta do Noval in private homes to elaborate banquets in top San Francisco restaurants. Prices were on a sliding scale depending on the event: from \$20 a head for a visit, tasting and lunch at Jordan Winery to \$500 for an exquisite dinner accompanied by great vintages of first-growth claret, in magnums, at the Four Seasons Clift Hotel. The general managers of both this and the Stanford Court on Nob Hill are very active members, which frankly, I find very encouraging. Not only are both hotels top class by world standards, but they have chefs to match. I only wish more of our great hotel/restaurant managers took a more positive interest in Wine and Food Society affairs. They used to, in the days of André Simon.

The events were sensibly limited to the number which could be effectively catered for. Sometimes this was determined by the size of a wine bottle: 24 "tastes" per magnum at an expensive Lafite dinner. Most were in the 30 to 40 person bracket but some dinners accommodated up to 70, including guests.

With a large membership and limited-attendance events it is essential to keep up a busy and varied programme to appeal to palate and pocket. On the latter subject, judging by the programmes I have gone through, roughly an equal number of events are under \$45 per head, between \$45 and \$70, and between \$80 and \$95. Just five major dinners, all with great and/or rare wines, have been over \$200, out of a total of the 36 scheduled.

The fact that most of the members are within a couple of hours drive of the Napa Valley is fortunate but not critical. I spotted only half a dozen winery visits. Almost as frequently wineries like the marvellous Stag's Leap Wine Cellars presented their vintage varietals at a restaurant in town. This practice was not restricted to just Californian vintners. Michael Cazes of Château Lynch-Bages brought over several vintages, and a range of elegant burgundies from the Domaine of Comte Georges de Vogüé followed in quick succession.

The best wines, however, come either from the branch's own cellar or from serious collector members. For where else, save at exorbitant cost over a great length of time,

could one acquire magnums of Lafite 45, 47, 49, 52, 53, 55, 59, 60, 61, 62, 64, 66 and 70—all but one in impeccable condition—and none scrounged from the château; and jeroboams of La Tâche, vintages going a long way back. I can only guess that quite a few, if not all, of the latter were from the private cellar of Tawfig Khoury of San Diego, a long-standing wine auction client and member of the Society.

Occasional weekend luncheons are spent at members' homes or ranches. I found particularly appealing the idea of sipping the finest champagnes amid someone's rhododendrons (\$45 for drinking, eating and looking—but not picking). In fact, I am really rather envious of all those who not only live in such an attractive part of the world but have a genial puck-like character to cater, imaginatively, for all culinary and vinous desires. "Puck" himself, that is to say, Dr Haskell Norman and his assistant, Caryl Saunders, who manages the day-to-day affairs of the Marin chapter, were, of course, in Strasbourg for the International Convention. The theme this time was "The Pursuit of Excellence", and while, for me, the pursuit was more than half the fun, it would seem that for most of the delegates, and guests, the goal was preferred to the pursuit.

Happily, Alsace has many splendid restaurants which Society members were able to sample in rotation. Unfortunately, my name was not on the Auberge de l'Ill list but I gather that it, and Crocodil, in Strasbourg, lived up to expectations. The best meal for me was at a restaurant which, from the outside, looked like an ersatz Bavarian beerhall: Buerhiesel, in the Orangerie. Exquisite: nice in scale, just six tables of six. The most surprising: L'Auberge de Kochsberg, a huge restaurant in the middle of nowhere which *inside* looks like a rather smart Bavarian beerhall and is in fact, unbelievably, the canteen of an Adidas factory part of the day and a really top-class restaurant for late lunches and dinners. Two hundred and fifty of us were catered for comfortably and, more importantly, with an outstanding menu. The whole event ended on a high note, the Hilton Hotel Strasbourg feeding the entire group more than adequately in the nearby Salle de Congrès.

The five days of almost non-stop rain failed to dampen Pommery's elaborate firework display and, I am happy to say, everyone exuded the sort of benign contentment that the best of food and wine inspires.

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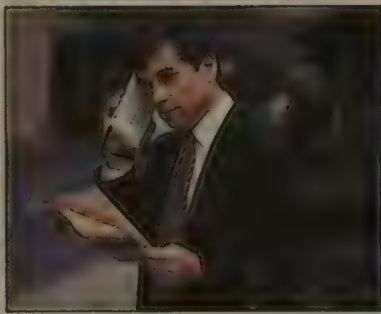
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RESTAURANTS

In the pink of condition

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

When eating out, especially on unfamiliar territory, there is a lot to be said for the old two-starter approach. A main dish of rugged lamb cutlets or *saumon poché à l'anglaise*—i.e. with every drop of moisture removed—is somehow harder to recover from, to abandon and replace, than cardboard shrimps or a duff pâté. Lousy first courses are probably rarer anyway for the simple reason that most of them are prepared without any actual cooking, that esoteric process which has notoriously proved the downfall of so many chefs. Some eaters who would consider the option at lunch might rule it out at dinner, I think mistakenly. Any lack of overall bulk can soon be made up with a serious pudding or a plunge at the cheese-board or even a third starter, though you might feel you needed to have a foreign accent or white hair before embarking on that one.

Successive managements at the Neal Street Restaurant (off the top of Shaftesbury Avenue) have offered a strong, varied list of starters that steers between the prawn cocktail/smoked salmon beaten track and the wilder shores of *nouvelle cuisine*. They include oddities like spinach soup with dumplings (not today, thank you), comparative heavyweights like scrambled eggs and smoked eel or salmon, mozzarella salad, gravad lax (salmon or near-salmon marinated after a Scandinavian mode), and at least three marvellous originals any one of which would make an ideal centrepiece for a lightish lunch.

In alphabetical order the first is avocado, bacon and lettuce salad: avocado in the pink of condition, bacon in small mouthfuls just right for texture and temperature—*tiède*, as some might choose to call it—and lettuce leaves picked to be eatable rather than to take up room. The magnificent Bismarck herring comes with onion rings, fresh apple slices, warm boiled potatoes and a little thin cream. Stoutly defying authenticity, the dish combines a Dutch fillet and an Eastern European recipe and is accompanied by a small glass of well-chilled Danish akvavit or snaps, a crowning touch. The last of the trio is quail eggs, a generous five, and a salad featuring anchovies, croutons and walnut kernels. Not finishing any of the three would call for great self-command.

Delights like these, perhaps inevitably, rather blunted my interest in what was to follow, and it must be said that everything in this restaurant turns up in ample portions. A stroll round the main courses, which are varied but not wilfully exotic, revealed a steak *au poivre* and a roast breast of duck that my guests said were as good as any they had ever been given. I had a wonderfully hot and tasty sole *meunière* and, more adventurously, a stuffed pig's trotter with lentils, a sort of pressed and moulded sausage, I take it, worth trying once and thinking about a second time. These were backed by well prepared vegetables like broccoli with ginger and brussels sprouts with little bits of bacon, not just done for fun but delicious and, again, plentiful. A couple of vegetarian dishes may interest the interested, and orthodox material like liver and bacon and steak-and-kidney pie also appears. Roast quails are standing by.

A strong finish comes with 10 varied sweets and a sufficient cheeseboard. I hope not to distort the emphasis if I say now that at this stage four



dessert wines are offered by the glass, including not only the ubiquitous but always welcome Muscat de Beaumes-de-Venise from the Rhône but also a rarity in these parts, a Vinsanto from the Greek island of Santorini. This is a very dark, almost reddish sweet white wine with a touch of dryness about it and, to me, a reminiscence of Marsala from Sicily: something to do with the soil, no doubt. They serve it here with sponge fingers which when they got to me were somewhat parched but revived splendidly after dunking.

The drinks on view were in general adequate or better. I was given an excellent Dry Martini cocktail several degrees colder than the one I got at the Savoy the previous week, and heard good reports of a Singapore Sling and a Bullshot. (It may sound silly to go on about cocktails, but am I to tell you that a gin-and-tonic was satisfactorily compounded of gin and tonic?) Whoever looks after the wine list knows his business, and we had a very decent young Fleurie and an almost equally good Moulin-à-Vent, both expertly stored and served at something under £12, though of course you can go higher if you are so minded.

The place has a downstairs bar where you can tank up before the meal. A separate drinking chamber in eating establishments is always to be

welcomed, even though this one with its ceiling-high wine-racks and wrought-iron gate suggests to me a VIP prison-cell in somewhere like Antibes. The décor in the restaurant is light and airy, with cream-washed brick, much greenery and mirrors, also pictures of which I have to report that they are not likely to convert anyone to modern art. The clientele was businesslike, indeed largely composed of business people as far as I could tell, though I spotted a couple of parties of boyish semi-oldsters, long-haired and open-necked, that perhaps belonged to the creative sections of our society.

The tables are here and there a little closer together than one would like. The actual handwriting on the menu, while refreshingly idiosyncratic, is not always so easy to follow. The service, though in general most cordial, had a patchy patch or two. But this is to drag up puny objections to what were a couple of most enjoyable outings. This deservedly successful restaurant offers what could well be the best value for money available in its range and quality. It is also great fun to visit.

The Neal Street Restaurant, 26 Neal Street, WC2 (836 8368). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30-11pm. About £50 for two.

UNDER THE GRILL

Langan's Bar and Grill

7 Down St, W1 (491 0990).

This is the fourth London restaurant with which Peter Langan is associated, this time as an adviser. With chef David Bickford, who was formerly at his *Braserie* in Stratton St, the ubiquitous restaurateur has devised a short menu, illustrated by Beryl Cook, which changes daily. Two and three courses with coffee are £11 and £13.

The ground floor dining area has

white linen, plenty of greenery and an eclectic collection of prints on the wall. Dishes vary from the daring (warm pigeon breast and endive salad, noisette of pork with honey and ginger) to the mundane (vegetable platter, trout *meunière*). Short, adequate wine list.

Mon-Sat noon-3pm (exc Sat), 6-11.30pm.

Nanbantei

73 Heath St, NW3 (794 6158).

Yakitori cuisine—roasted bite-size pieces of meat, poultry and vegetables—has arrived in Hampstead, the 19th branch of a Japanese chain. There are a few tables in the small premises but customers are advised to

eat at the central horseshoe-shaped bar where they can watch the chefs twiddle the morsels on barbecue sticks above the grill. Set dinners are £8.50 (vegetarian) and £10.95.

There were teething troubles in the first few weeks, with several listed à la carte items not available and English field mushrooms being used instead of the promised *shiitake* Japanese fungus. The restaurant's style and simple formula will delight some and dismay others. Hot Hakuzuru sake and Suntory beer among the beverages.

Tues-Sun 5.30pm-11.30pm.

ALEX FINER

HOTELS

Kentish delight

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Up-market guest-houses—how I wish there were a more attractive term for this type of accommodation—have become fashionable. Hardly a week goes by without news of another entry to the amateur hotel stakes, but while some people are attracted to an informal house-party atmosphere, others prefer to give such places a wide berth.

Undoubtedly, a hotel that is also a couple's gracious home can be a mixed blessing. There may be interesting encounters as you sit round a table communally, but you may also find yourself bored by the company and wondering why you have come such a long way to talk about the weather, last year's holidays and other such trivia. Also, the cooking may lack professional skills.

James and Ingrid Kempston, who bought Stone Green Hall at Mersham, near Ashford, Kent, seven years ago, succeed where many have failed. On the face of it they seem archetypal members of the up-market guest-house species. They were early members of the consortium known as Wolsey Lodges—a

Lodge being "An Englishman's home where you are welcome to stay as a guest for a night or more". They knew absolutely nothing about the hotel and catering business when they bought their fine Queen Anne house. They have never advertised—a sign in the quiet country road gives the name of the house, but there is nothing to suggest that it offers exceptionally comfortable rooms and an outstanding restaurant.

Inside, there are none of the trappings of a hotel—no reception desk, no bar—instead, it feels like a thoroughly civilized home, full of pictures and prints, both old and contemporary, *objets d'art* and *objets trouvés*, with books and flowers in profusion. There are four guest-rooms, three with private baths and one with a large shower. The tubs are of the spacious, old-fashioned kind and one comes in the form of a four-poster bath. There are television sets in the bedrooms, but no telephones.

What distinguishes Stone Green Hall from dozens of other places offering similar comforts? One major

factor is that the house feels like a home but you are not inhabiting the Kempstons' living space—theirs is in the attic. Consequently, there is no embarrassment about your guest status. While the Kempstons are always around, making guests feel at home, they have plenty of help so, in contrast to some houses of this sort, you do not have to master the urge to offer a hand with the washing-up.

As to food, Stone Green does not go in for communal eating. Although there are only four guest-rooms, the restaurant can seat 35 people—20 in the elegant main dining-room and 15 in an adjoining room which is also used for occasional dinner dances.

It clearly does a thriving business among neighbouring gourmets. There is a five-course set menu at £14.50—no choice until the dessert stage, but very good value since the cooking can scarcely be faulted. There is a short but interesting wine list which is reasonably priced.

The Kempstons are fortunate in their house and garden. Stone Green probably started as a Cromwellian farmhouse. It was extensively devel-

oped in the reign of Queen Anne and received a further major face-lift 35 years ago when it was bought by the late Peter Wilson, then chairman of Sotheby's. He built the handsome conservatory, full of gardenia and camellia, which runs across the back of the house—an enchanting place for breakfast and pre-prandial summer drinks. Wilson was a horticultural enthusiast and he gave the 5 acre garden its gazebo and ha-ha and planted the many yew hedges.

The Kempstons may have been amateurs once, but they are clearly professionals now. With plenty of understanding of the kind of hotel they wanted to run, they have created a house of such grace and quality that their guests must feel fortunate to stay in it.

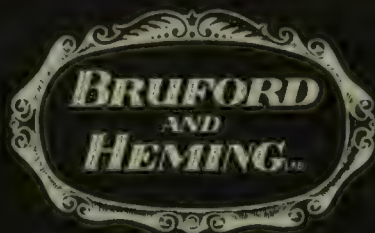
Stone Green Hall, Mersham, near Ashford, Kent, TN25 7HE (023 372 418). Bed and breakfast for two, £45-65, single £35-55. Dinner £14.50 plus coffee and drinks. Prices include VAT but not service. Further information about Wolsey Lodges from 17 Chapel Street, Bileston, Suffolk, IP7 7EP.

Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.

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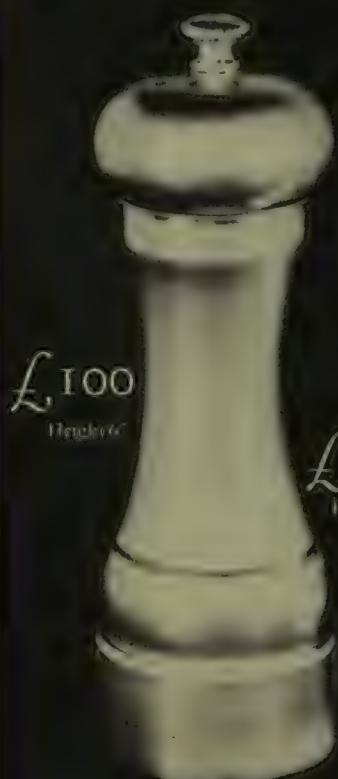


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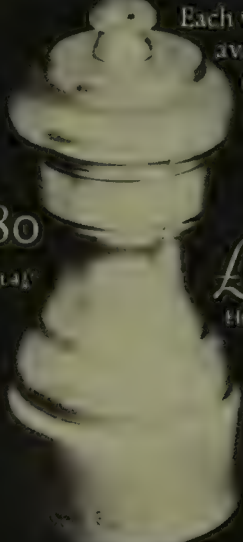
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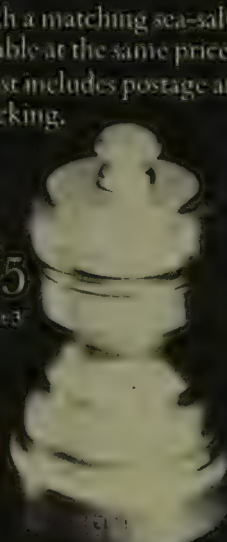
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CHESS

Ding-dong battle

BY JOHN NUNN

The world championship match between titleholder Kasparov and challenger Karpov reached the half-way point with the score 6½-5½ in Kasparov's favour. After Kasparov won the fourth game, which I gave last month, the pendulum swung back towards Karpov when he won the fifth game and pressed hard in the sixth and seventh games. The eighth game proved an engrossing struggle, not perfect chess but a marvellously fluctuating battle between the world's top two players.

G. Kasparov **A. Karpov**
White *Black*
Queen's Gambit Declined

1 P-Q4 P-Q4
2 P-QB4 P-K3
3 N-QB3 B-K2
4 PxP PxP
5 B-B4 N-KB3
6 P-K3 0-0
7 B-Q3

This move aims to prevent . . . B-KB4 by Black.

7 . . . P-B4
8 N-B3 N-B3
9 0-0 B-N5

9 . . . PxP 10 KNxP NxN 11 PxN does not equalize despite the symmetrical pawn structure, since White's bishops are more active than Black's.

10 PxP BxP
11 P-KR3 BxN
12 QxB P-Q5
13 N-K4 B-K2?

13 . . . NxN 14 BxN (14 QxNP-KN3 15 PxP R-K1 is fine for Black) PxP 15 Q-R5 PxPch 16 K-R1 P-B4! 17 BxP P-KN3 18 B-K6ch (18 BxP PxN 19 QxPch is a draw by perpetual check) K-R1 19 QxB RxN 20 RxP would have been much better, when Black can steer the game towards a draw. After the move played Karpov runs into trouble.

14 QR-Q1 Q-R4
15 N-N3!

White decides to play for a direct kingside attack by bringing the knight to KB5. The more positional 15 B-KN5 was also good.

15 . . . PxP
16 PxP QxP

Karpov decides he may as well snatch a pawn while his queen is on the way to defend the threatened kingside.

17 N-B5 Q-K3
18 B-R6! N-K1

Forced, since 18 . . . PxN loses to 19 Q-N3ch while 18 . . . N-K4 19 QxP NxB 20 NxBch K-R1 21 BxPch KxB 22 N-B5ch K-R1 23 RxN leaves White a pawn up with the better position.

19 Q-R5
Threatening 20 BxP NxB 21

NxBch followed by 22 QxRP mate. 19 . . . P-KN3

Karpov decides to surrender rook for bishop in the hope of beating off the attack.

20 Q-N4 N-K4
21 Q-N3?

An excessively greedy move; Kasparov wants to improve his position and only then take the rook, but in fact the immediate capture 21 NxBch QxN 22 BxR KxB 23 Q-KB4 was best when White should win.

21 . . . B-B3!

Karpov fights back. White can still take the rook, but Black has preserved his powerful bishop from exchange, thereby severely reducing White's winning chances.

22 B-QN5!?

An extraordinary piece of bluff. Karpov had left himself with only 14 minutes to reach move 40, so Kasparov enters a complex but objectively inferior line in the hope that Karpov's clock will help him win the game.

22 . . . N-N2

23 BxN BxB
24 R-Q6 Q-N6
25 NxB QxB
26 N-B5

White has some kingside pressure for the pawn but there are no immediate threats. Karpov could have forced a draw in several different ways, but with high noon approaching on his clock the strain proved too much.

26 . . . QR-Q1

After 26 . . . P-B3 White has nothing better than a draw by 27 N-K7ch K-N2 28 N-B5ch K-N1.

27 R-KB6 R-Q7?!

Almost anything else would have been better, for example 27 . . . QxP, 27 . . . K-R1 or 27 . . . R-Q2 and in every case White has to accept a draw.

28 Q-N5 QxP
29 K-R1 K-R1?

The losing move. Black's pieces are already on their optimum squares, so he should have played 29 . . . P-QR4!, when White cannot decisively strengthen the attack.

30 N-Q4! RxN
31 QxN

In this position Karpov lost by overstepping the time limit with ten moves still to make, an unheard-of event in a world championship match. By now White is winning in any case, because 31 . . . R-Q7 32 Q-K7 R(7)-Q1 33 RxP RxR 34 RxR K-N1! 35 P-K4! leaves Black unable to defend his exposed king and cope with the advancing king's pawn. Next month I will report on the Leningrad half of the match ○



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BRIDGE

If trumps break badly

BY JACK MARX

An unusually bad trump break may on occasion be turned to advantage by a resourceful declarer. Sadly, on the first of these hands South was not equal to the occasion, perhaps feeling relieved that he need go only one down.

♠ AK76 Dealer West
 ♥ 4 Game All
 ♦ KQ54
 ♣ J964

♠ 109
 ♥ J8763
 ♦ A63
 ♣ AQ7

♠ Q843
 ♥ 10
 ♦ J98
 ♣ K8532

♠ J52
 ♥ AKQ952
 ♦ 1072
 ♣ 10

West	North	East	South
No	1♦	No	1♥
No	1♠	No	3♥
No	3NT	No	4♥
DBL	No	No	No

West felt his opponents had stretched borderline values to the utmost on misfitting hands. In sober fact the game contract is not very bright and North might well have passed Three Hearts.

Dummy's Ace won the spade lead and declarer played two top trumps. A diamond to dummy's King was ducked by West, who won the next trick with Club Queen. Another Spade was again won in dummy, a club was ruffed by South, who led a second diamond. West put up the Ace and led a third diamond to dummy's Queen. Declarer now thought he might as well rid himself of his losing spade on the 13th diamond, but West ruffed and exited with Club Ace. South still had to lose a trump trick for one down.

South had failed to keep track of events. West's hand could be counted for five hearts, three diamonds and presumably only two spades, since he had made no attempt to cash a spade winner. He has therefore precisely three clubs, and his hand can be reduced to trumps only if South ruffs another club from dummy. South's losing spade is now led and has to be ruffed by West, who must now lead a trump into South's Queen Nine.

♠ A9652 Dealer North
 ♥ K3 Love All
 ♦ AQJ
 ♣ AK6

♠ KJ84
 ♥ void
 ♦ 97543
 ♣ Q1083

♠ Q1073
 ♥ J1062
 ♦ 1086
 ♣ J9

♠ void
 ♥ AQ98754
 ♦ K2
 ♣ 7542

Surveying the dummy after a diamond lead to his Seven Heart contract, South felt happy that his only danger was the 10 per cent chance of a 4-0 trump break. Nothing could be done if West held the four trumps, but a trump coup might be engineered if East held them. Dummy must be on lead at the 12th trick, with South holding Queen Nine of trumps over East's doubleton honour. To reach this position, South's trumps must be pared down by ruffing to an equality with East's. Dummy therefore needs three entries and a fourth to re-enter dummy at the 11th trick. There are in fact four minor-suit entries in dummy, but one has already been used at the first trick. It is to South's credit that he had the foresight not to waste that entry and to ruff a small spade in hand at trick two.

Here is another case of hoping for the best while preparing for the worst.

♠ AKQ954 Dealer
 ♥ K7 South
 ♦ A Game All
 ♣ A952

♠ 6
 ♥ 1082
 ♦ KQJ73
 ♣ 10763

♠ J10732
 ♥ 5
 ♦ 10962
 ♣ KJ4

♠ 8
 ♥ AQJ9643
 ♦ 854
 ♣ Q8

When South opened with a preemptive Three Hearts, North felt he had just the hand for the Five No-trumps Grand Slam Force that requires partner to bid Seven with two of the three top honours. Against Seven Hearts West led Diamond King, and South could count 12 tricks on top, 13 if spades were not splitting worse than four-two. But suppose the split was worse than that? A diamond might be ruffed in dummy, but then the feared spade break would cause communications to be difficult.

South thought it could cost nothing to prepare for the chance of squeezing a defender holding five spades and the Club King. So he played off five winning trumps, leaving dummy with five spades and singleton Ace of Clubs. East was already squeezed. He had to keep five spades or dummy's fifth spade would be ruffed good with Club Ace giving access to it. Alternatively, he must guard his King of Clubs or South could ruff himself back to hand to make his Queen. He could not manage both. Nor would it matter if the black key cards lay with West rather than East ○

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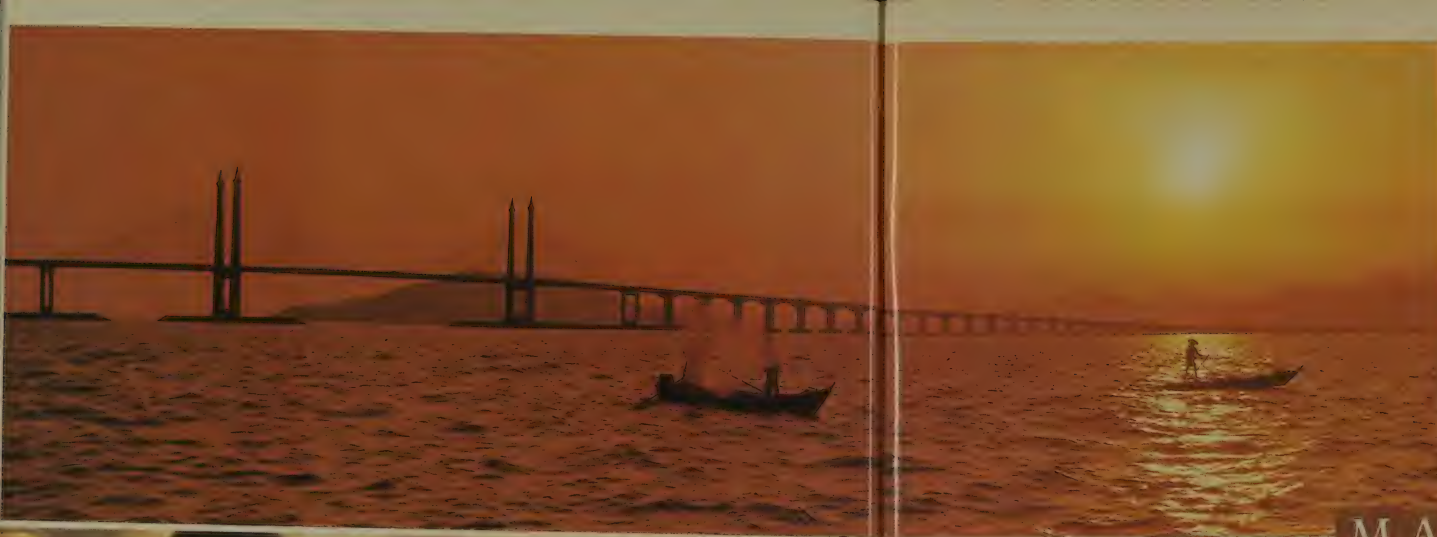
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LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

- ★★ Highly recommended
- ★ Good of its kind

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

★ The American Clock

Arthur Miller's episodic study of the American Depression is directed by Peter Wood (& acted by his versatile company) as an imaginatively designed mosaic. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

★ Animal Farm

Peter Hall's exciting production, gives us everything from the take-over of Manor Farm to the ultimate triumph of the formidable pigs. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

The Archbishop's Ceiling

Jane Lapotaire heads the cast in Arthur Miller's play, written during the aftermath of Watergate in 1977. Opens Oct 28. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8796, 638 8891, cc).

The Bay at Nice/Wrecked Eggs

David Hare has directed his own double bill. The first play, & much the better, concerns a mother's response to her daughter whose marriage is breaking up; Irene Worth & Zoë Wanamaker act with power. Miss Wanamaker is also in the second, less enjoyable piece as the guest of an American couple who are ending their marriage with a "splitting-up" party. Cottesloe.

Breaking the Code

In Hugh Whitmore's play, Derek Jacobi plays Alan Turing, who is credited as the man most responsible for breaking the Enigma code during the Second World War. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

Cabaret

An unexciting revival of a musical that needs something more. The company is led by Wayne Sleep & Kelly Hunter; the direction & choreography are by Gillian Lynne. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc 836 5190).

★ La Cage aux Folles

Based on a homosexual & transvestite farce set on the French Riviera, this is amusing entertainment; score & lyrics are by Jerry Herman & libretto by Harvey Fierstein. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

Cats

Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

★ Chess

Tim Rice & composers Benny Andersson & Bjorn Ulvaeus have put together a spectacular show, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn,



ZOE DOMINIC

From *Monty Python* to *The Mikado*: Eric Idle brings his own brand of visual humour and "speech-song" to the role of Ko-Ko in Jonathan Miller's non-Japanese production for English National Opera at the Coliseum.

with the chess game a metaphor for political in-fighting between Russia & America. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concentrated force. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

★★ A Chorus of Disapproval

One of Alan Ayckbourn's best plays with its story of an amateur *Beggar's Opera* suffering off-stage & on-stage complications. Performances entirely in key by Colin Blakely as the ebullient Welsh director & Jim Norton as the innocent who, to his surprise, goes too far. Ayckbourn himself directs. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Dave Allen—Live

New one-man show. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

★★ The Fair Maid of the West

Thomas Heywood's swaggering Jacobean entertainment comes grandly to the long,

swooping "promontory" of the Swan stage. The company, directed by Trevor Nunn, responds with comparable spirit. Imelda Staunton is the West Country barmaid who becomes a pirate captain off the Barbary Coast with results that are melodramatic, farcical & romantic. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

★ 42nd Street

An American showbusiness musical that is an admirable example of high-geared professionalism. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc). REVIEWED OCT, 1984.

★★ I'm Not Rappaport

Magnificent character performance from Paul Scofield as an elderly Jew recounting an inventive version of his life history to another old man on a Central Park bench in Herb Gardner's comedy. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc). REVIEWED AUG, 1986.

Jacobowsky & the Colonel

S.N. Behrman's play about an escape through France in the desperate summer of 1940. Nigel Hawthorne & Geoffrey Hutchings are excellently contrasted as the arrogant Polish colonel & the unflurried Jewish accountant. Jonathan Lynn has directed with zest & subtlety. Olivier, until Nov 12.

Kafka's Dick

Jim Broadbent, Geoffrey Palmer, Vivian Pickles, Andrew Sachs & Alison Steadman in a comedy by Alan Bennett about the relationship of a literary biographer to his subject—in this case Franz Kafka. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

★ Lend Me a Tenor

American dramatist Ken Ludwig has an eye & ear for cheerful nonsense. Ian Talbot is a triumphant stand-in in a production of Verdi's *Otello*. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

★ Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton has devised from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel a play subtly sustained, with performances of comparable style. Lindsay Duncan & Alan Rickman are the two late-18th-century aristocrats engaged evilly in the art of seduction. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc).

The Maintenance Man

Richard Harris's play is tenuous and owes much to the acting of John Alderton (as an obsessed amateur carpenter & weak-willed adulterer), Gwen Taylor & Susan Penhaligon. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bill Alexander's production with Pete Postlethwaite as Bottom, Gerard Murphy as Oberon & Nicholas Woodeson as Puck. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

★ Misalliance

Bernard Shaw's farcical comedy, vintage 1910, has matured well & is given new zest by a lively cast including Brian Cox, Elizabeth Spriggs & Jane Lapotaire. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

★ Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama depends less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, 34 years old on November 25, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

No Sex Please, We're British

With a title that when the play opened 16 years ago seemed inspired, this is the *Mousetrap* of farce. Its director, Allan Davis, keeps it fresh. Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

★ The Petition

After an unremarkable beginning, Brian Clark's play about an apparently placid 50-year marriage between a general (John →

THEATRE continued

Mills) & his wife (Rosemary Harris) blazes with passion in the cunningly constructed second act. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED SEPT, 1986

The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Richard Stilgoe & Charles Hart have based their musical on Gaston Leroux's classic story. Michael Crawford plays the Phantom & Sarah Brightman is the young soprano. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 4025, cc 379 6131).

Pravda

Although Howard Brenton & David Hare's "Fleet Street comedy" is no miracle of construction, it is lucky enough to have Anthony Hopkins as a South African cutting a swathe through the English newspaper business. Until Nov 20. Olivier. REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

Principia Scriptoriae

Anton Lesser & Sean Baker play two writers, once imprisoned together in a Latin-American country & now, 15 years later, on opposite sides while bargaining for the freedom of a poet (Clive Russell). Richard Nelson's play was seen in New York earlier this year. The Pit.

★Richard II

Barry Kyle's beautifully staged revival with Jeremy Irons progressively persuasive as the king, is marred only by some over playing & a misguided idea of Bolingbroke. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Rookery Nook

This autumn brings the centenary of Ben Travers's birth; hence the appropriate re-appearance of the great farce writer's most popular play. Though this performance is of variable quality, with some straining, Peggy Mount & Nichola McAuliffe are formidably enjoyable. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

★Run For Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at matinee times) it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY, 1983.

Scenes From a Marriage

Three of Georges Feydeau's farcical one-act plays, *Hortense a dit "Je m'en fous!"*, *Léonie est en avance* & *Feu la mère de Madame*, combined in a new translation by Peter Barnes & directed by Terry Hands. Barbican.

The Secret Life of Cartoons

Una Stubbs is the wife of a cartoonist (James Warwick) in Clive Barker's comedy. As the couple try to sort out their marriage, the cartoon characters come alive & start to take over. Derek Griffiths plays Rosco Rabbit. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

Time

This musical is a mixture of the extravagant & the naïve. Cliff Richard sings; Lord Olivier is represented by a three-dimensional image & his recorded voice. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 8538, cc 836 2428).

★★Two Noble Kinsmen

Barry Kyle has used the intimacy of the Jacobean "promontory" stage for an uncommon restoration of this Shakespeare-Fletcher rarity. Gerard Murphy & Hugh Quarshie lead the

cast. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

★★When We Are Married

An expert cast for Ronald Eyre's revival of Priestley's comedy; a precise & extremely funny picture of regional life. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1986.

★The Winter's Tale

An unaffected production, in both Sicilia & Bohemia, with Jeremy Irons conveying the pointless jealousy of Leontes & Penny Downie doubling, without difficulty, the roles of Hermione & Perdita. Terry Hands directs. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. REVIEWED JUNE, 1986.

★★Woman in Mind

In quality of invention & technical expertise Alan Ayckbourn's new play transcends any in the West End. It has the advantages of his own direction & the acting of a rare cast led by Julia McKenzie & Martin Jarvis. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED OCT, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE OCT, 1986.

★Wonderful Town!

The revival of an amiable & often lively American musical—score by Bernstein—depends upon the comic vitality of Maureen Lipman as one of the Ohio girls in New York, & upon Emily Morgan's charm as her sister. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

FIRST NIGHTS

'Allo! 'Allo!

Television's comedy series set in a French bar during the German occupation reaches the West End stage, directed by Peter Farago. Opens Nov 4. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, SW1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844).

Country Dancing

Richard Easton plays the folk-dance collector Cecil Sharp in Nigel Williams's celebration of English traditional culture. Opens Nov 12. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Elizabeth

Dario Fo's comedy about the Virgin Queen's battles with ex-lovers, subversive playwrights, her rent boys & sagging breasts. Gillian Hanna plays the Queen. Opens Oct 31. Half Moon Theatre, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (790 4000, cc).

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum

It is 23 years since Frankie Howerd appeared in London as the ingenious slave, Pseudolus, in this American musical (songs by Stephen Sondheim). With a plot that derives vaguely from the comedies of the Roman dramatist, Plautus, it is brisk nonsense. Howerd—as he showed in the production by Larry Gelbart (one of the librettists) at Chichester this summer—can still generate a good deal of laughter. Opens Nov 8. Piccadilly Theatre, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

The Infernal Machine

Simon Callow directs the British premiere of Cocteau's play based on the Oedipus legend, with Maggie Smith & Lambert Wilson. Opens Nov 6. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

Killing Jessica

Patrick Macnee returns to the London stage in an American murder mystery, directed by Bryan Forbes. With Liz Robertson, David Langton & Angela Douglas. Opens Nov 19. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219).

Macbeth

In Adrian Noble's new production Jonathan Pryce takes the title role & Sinéad Cusack plays Lady Macbeth. Opens Nov 11. Royal

TOP CHOICE

THEATRE

The Magistrate

Nothing goes awry in Michael Rudman's production of Pinero's 19th-century farce. Nigel Hawthorne is extremely funny as Aeneas Posket—the best for many years—& Gemma Craven is perfect as the second wife. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). J. C. Trewin's review is on P74.

Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Mr & Mrs Nobody

Keith Waterhouse's play, based on George & Weedon Grossmith's *Diary of a Nobody* stars Judi Dench & Michael Williams as Mr & Mrs Pooter. Opens Nov 17. Garrick Theatre, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601).

The Old Man of Lochnagar

The Prince of Wales's story receives a London airing in David Wood's musical adaptation—part of a national tour. Nov 11-15. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (837 1672, cc).

The Pied Piper

Hundreds of children take turns to join the National Theatre players in Adrian Mitchell's stage version of Browning's celebrated narrative. Opens Nov 11. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Tons of Money

Alan Ayckbourn directs one of the most successful of the 1920s Aldwych farces, by Will Evans & Valentine, about the financially embarrassed Aubrey Henry Maitland Allington. With Simon Cadell, Michael Gambon & Marcia Warren. Opens Nov 6. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

The Women

50th-anniversary production of the Broadway comedy success by Clare Boothe Luce. Opens Nov 20. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

★About Last Night (18)

Modish angst in Chicago with a young couple coming together in spite of jealous resentment from their best friends, then falling apart. Edward Zwick directs a first feature adapted from an award-winning play. The cast, Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, James Belushi & Elizabeth Perkins, is uniformly excellent.

★★Aliens (18)

Edgy, compelling screenwriting & direction by James Cameron make this Pinewood-made sequel to Ridley Scott's famous 1979 film even better than its predecessor.

Big Trouble in Little China (PG)

Jack Burton takes a weird journey through a ghostly world set beneath San Francisco's Chinatown. John Carpenter directs. Opens Nov 14. Leicester Sq Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

Critters (15)

Critters are the varmints of outer space. A small group of these round, furry nightmares

lands in rural Kansas. They create mayhem, but two bounty hunters are on their trail. Stephen Herek's comic science-fiction creepiness has its moments, & is in the main amiable nonsense, with M. Emmet Walsh as the district's dumb sheriff. Opens Nov 21. Cannons, Oxford St, W1 (636 0310), Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527).

Extremities (18)

Farrah Fawcett stars as the victim of a deranged young man (James Russo). Opens Nov 14. Cannons Oxford St, Chelsea, 279 Kings Rd, SW3 (352 5096), Odeon, Kensington, High St, W8 (602 6644, cc 602 5193), Warner West End, Cranbourn St, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534). REVIEWED ON P74.

Ginger e Fred (15)

In Fellini's satire on television two dancers who impersonate Rogers & Astaire, join up again after years apart. Stars Giulietta Masina & Marcello Mastroianni. Opens Nov 7.

★The Good Father (15)

Mike Newell's film about marital break-up in a bleak south London suburb affirms his talent & shows what British cinema can do on a modest budget. With Anthony Hopkins, Simon Callow & Jim Broadbent. REVIEWED SEPT, 1986.

★★Hannah & Her Sisters (15)

Woody Allen's rich layered picture about family relationships uses a fine ensemble cast, working in perfect accord. Not to be missed. REVIEWED JULY, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE OCT, 1986.

★Mona Lisa (15)

Fine performance by Bob Hoskins as an ex-prisoner given the job of ferrying a prostitute (Cathy Tyson) to & from her encounters, & coming up against Michael Caine, as a master criminal. REVIEWED SEPT, 1986.

Murphy's Law (18)

Charles Bronson is Murphy, a hard-drinking, bitter, divorced, aged Los Angeles homicide detective who finds himself framed for murder, then escapes chained to a teenage harpy to find the killer, a deranged Carrie Snodgrass whom he sent away years earlier. J. Lee Thompson's film leaps from cliché to cliché. Opens Oct 31. Cannons, Oxford St, Pantons St, SW1 (930 0631); ABCs, Bayswater, 89 Bishop's Bridge Rd, W2 (229 4149); Edgware Rd, W2 (723 5901).

★Other Halves (15)

Lisa Harrow is brilliant as a middle-class housewife who has a breakdown, a broken marriage & a difficult, doom-ridden relationship with a streetsmart teenage Maori delinquent whom she meets while in a mental hospital. John Laing's strong study of a woman under stress is an excellent New Zealand film.

Psycho III (15)

Norman Bates is up to his old ways again in another reprise which could never be as good as Hitchcock's 1960 thriller set in the grisly motel. Anthony Perkins plays the now aging Norman & also directs. Opens Nov 7. Cannons, Oxford St, Haymarket; ABCs, Bayswater, Edgware Rd, Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990).

★★Rosa Luxemburg (PG)

Margarethe Von Trotta's exceptional film, set against the background of the early years of European socialism, is a sombre & impressive work with a great performance by Barbara Sukowa as the Polish-German revolutionary. REVIEWED, AUG, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE OCT, 1986.

Running Scared (15)

Billy Crystal & Gregory Hines are wise-cracking Chicago police detectives who hanker for retirement in Florida when their

lives are at risk. Peter Hyams's fast-paced, gutsy comedy has spectacular stunts. Opens Nov 14. Plaza, Lower Regent St, W1 (437 1234).

★Ruthless People (18)

Bette Midler is in excellent form as Danny DeVito's spoilt, rich bitch wife who is kidnapped by a young couple, Judge Reinhold & Helen Slater, because DeVito stole their fashion idea. Like the man in the O. Henry story he does not want to pay the ransom. Meanwhile the kidnappee uses her time in self-improvement. The directing team of David & Jerry Zucker & Jim Abrahams has a reasonably coherent narrative for once. Opens Nov 7. Odeon Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).



Bette Midler in *Ruthless People*.

★Smooth Talk (15)

In this award-winning tale of teenage awakening Laura Dern plays 15-year-old Connie who is taken for a ride by a seductive stranger. Opens Nov 21. Renoir, Brunswick Sq, WC1 (837 8402). REVIEW ON P75.

That Was Then, This Is Now (15)

Emilio Estevez plays in his own adaptation of an S. E. Hinton novel about a young American who becomes estranged from his best friend. Opens Oct 31. Cannons, Oxford St, Pantons St, Chelsea.

True Stories (PG)

David Byrne's tale of a Texas town called Virgil. David Byrne stars as the narrator who ties together a string of different stories. Opens Nov 14. Warner West End.

Twice in a Lifetime (15)

A Colin Welland script transferred to a Seattle setting in which Gene Hackman plays a man who drops his wife, Ellen Burstyn, for another woman he meets in a bar. Amy Madigan is particularly good as his angry

daughter. Bud Yorkin's film should be more satisfying, given its cast which also includes Brian Dennehy & Ally Sheedy. Opens Oct 31. Odeon, Haymarket (839 7697).

Certificates

U=unrestricted.

PG=passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15=no admittance under 15 years.

18=no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

Bach Choir, Royal College of Music Symphony Orchestra. David Willcocks conducts Mendelssohn's oratorio *Elijah*, with Eiddwen Harrhy, Catherine Wyn-Rogers, Maldwyn Davies & David Wilson-Johnson. Nov 23, 7.30pm.

BARBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

John Lill, piano. Continuation of the series at which the pianist plays all Beethoven's Sonatas. Nov 4, 7, 14, 18, 21, 28, 1pm.

City of London Sinfonia. Guy Fawkes Day concert of music by Bach, Vivaldi & Handel, concluding with the Royal Fireworks Music, conducted by Simon Preston. Nov 5, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Michael Tilson-Thomas conducts three concerts. Cécile Ousset, piano, is the soloist in Rachmaninov's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, which is followed by Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben*. Nov 9, 7.30pm. The orchestra is joined by the Pro Musica Chorus in Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms* & Beethoven's *Symphony No 9*. Nov 13, 7.45pm; Nov 20, 8pm.

Opera Singalong. An opportunity for the audience to join in favourite opera choruses, with the Royal Academy of Music Choir & Orchestra, under Nicholas Cleobury. Nov 16, 3pm.

International Lunchtime Concerts. Kyung Wha Chung, violin, with Jonathan Feldman, piano, plays Brahms & Bartók, Nov 19; Eduardo Fernandez, guitar, plays music by Sor, Brouwer, Turina, Granados, Nov 26; 1pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Nicholas Cleobury conducts an all-Beethoven programme, with the Beaux Arts Trio as soloists in the Triple Concerto, followed by the *Symphony No 3*. Nov 21, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Claudio Abbado conducts three concerts. Brahms's Violin Concerto, with Viktoria Mullova as soloist, & works by Debussy. Nov 23, 7.30pm. Mozart's Piano Concerto No 18, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist, followed by Beethoven's *Symphony No 7*. Nov 25, 7.45pm. Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No 6*, followed by Brahms's Piano Concerto No 1, with Vladimir Ashkenazy as soloist. Nov 30, 7.30pm.

City of London Sinfonia, Richard Hickox Singers. Haydn's *Nelson Mass* & works by Handel & Britten, conducted by Richard Hickox. Nov 28, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Bach Choir, Philharmonia Orchestra. David Willcocks conducts music by Stravinsky, Mussorgsky, Rachmaninov, with Sheila Armstrong, soprano, Robert Tear, tenor,

Paata Burchuladze, bass. Nov 2, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Klaus Tennstedt conducts Bruckner's *Symphony No 8*. Nov 4, 7.30pm.

King of Instruments. Organ recitals: Istvan Ella, Nov 5; Lynne Davis, Nov 12; Thomas Trotter, Nov 19; Jennifer Bate, Nov 26; 5.55pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Lothar Zagrosek conducts works by Webern, Mahler & the first British performance of York Holler's *Dreamplay*. Nov 7, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus. Giulini conducts Verdi's *Requiem*. Nov 9, 11, 7.30pm.

Segovia. The great guitarist plays Frescobaldi, Sor, Tarrega, Bach, Rameau, Turina, Albeniz. Nov 10, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The Royal Concert in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, conducted by Antal Dorati, with Yehudi Menuhin & Leland Chen as soloists in Bach's Concerto for Two Violins, & music by Chaussou, Delius, Elgar. Nov 19, 8pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Gunter Wand conducts Beethoven's *Symphony No 1* & Bruckner's *Symphony No 9*. Nov 20, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Antal Dorati conducts two different all-Brahms programmes. Nov 23, 27, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Bernard Haitink conducts Bruckner's *Symphony No 4* & Rachmaninov's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*, with Vladimir Ashkenazy as soloist. Nov 24, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Georg Solti conducts symphonies by Haydn & Mahler. Nov 25, 7.30pm.

London Mozart Players. Jane Glover conducts Milhaud, Poulenc, Ravel, Mozart. Nov 26, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Wexford Festival Opera. Semi-staged performance of Rossini's *Tancredi*, with Kathleen Kuhlmann singing the title role, conductor Arnold Ostman. Nov 4, 7pm.

Nash Ensemble. Lionel Friend conducts Russian music, including first British performances of works by Firsova & Schnittke. Nov 10, 7.45pm.

Lunchtime Serenades. Imogen Cooper, piano, plays Schubert, Nov 11; Allegri String Quartet & Malcolm Binns, piano, play Schubert's Trout Quintet, Nov 18; Moura Lympany, piano, plays Chopin's 24 Preludes, Nov 25; 1.10pm.

Michael Roll, piano. Schubert, Beethoven, Schumann. Nov 12, 7.45pm.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Abbey Opera. Antony Shelley conducts a concert performance of Rossini's *Otello*, with Anne Mason singing the title role & Marie Slorach as Desdemona. Nov 2, 7pm.

Paata Burchuladze, bass, **Marina Beridze**, piano. The Georgian bass sings songs by Rachmaninov & Mussorgsky. Nov 3, 1pm.

L'Ecole d'Orphée. A 10th-anniversary concert devoted to Telemann, Rameau & Couperin, directed from the violin by John Holway. Nov 7, 7.30pm.

Raglan Baroque Players. Nicholas Kraemer conducts Violin Concertos from La Cetra by Vivaldi, with Monica Huggett as soloist, & works by Handel, Molter & Scarlatti. Nov 8, 7.30pm.

London Oriana Choir. Leon Lovett con-

ducts Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*. Nov 9, 7.30pm.

Tatyana Nikolaeva, piano, plays Bach's Goldberg Variations. Nov 10, 1pm.

Lontano. Odaline de la Martinez celebrates the 10th anniversary of her ensemble with works by Dillon, Floyd Huggins, Birtwistle, Weeks, Fernyough. Nov 11, 7.30pm.

London Camerata. Alan Brind, BBC TV Young Musician of the Year 1986, is the soloist in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, under Paul Hilliam. Nov 12, 7.30pm.

Hanover Band play music by Weber, in celebration of the 200th anniversary of the composer's birth. Nov 18, 7.30pm.

Ensemble Modern. The contemporary music group from Germany in a programme of music by Helmut Lachenmann, with the composer at the piano. Nov 26, 7.30pm.

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

Trafalgar Sq, WC2.

Lunchtime concerts every Mon & Tues at 1.05pm. Admission free, leaving collection.

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Endellion String Quartet. Three recitals in the Britten series built around his Quartets. Nov 5, 12, 19, 7.30pm.

Martino Tirimo, piano. Beethoven, Debussy, Schumann. Nov 7, 7.30pm.

Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano, **Roger Vignoles**, piano. English songs by Williamson, Purcell, Maw, Britten. Nov 8, 7.30pm.

Leslie Howard, piano. Second of three recitals marking the centenary of Liszt's death. Nov 11, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli Consort & Players. Monteverdi & Grandi at Venice: madrigals, songs & virtuoso chamber music. Nov 13, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble. Henry Herford, baritone, joins the group in a St Cecilia's day programme devoted to Britten & Mozart, Nov 22, 7.30pm.

Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano, **Iliya Iviri**, piano. The distinguished Russian mezzo sings songs by Medtner, Taneyev, Prokofiev, Shaporin, Sviridov. Nov 24, 7.30pm.

Mikhail Pletnev, piano. Gold Medal & First Prize Winner of the 1978 International Tchaikovsky Competition, returns to play Beethoven, Brahms, Rachmaninov, Tchaikovsky. Nov 26, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli String Quartet. Haydn, Janáček, Beethoven. Nov 29, 7.30pm.

from the violin. Nov 20, 7.45pm.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci. New productions by Ian Judge, conducted by Jacques Delacôte, with Edmund Barham as Turiddu, Jane Eaglen as Santuzza; Helen Field as Nedda, Rowland Sidwell as Canio. Oct 29, Nov 1, 8, 12, 15, 18, 21, 28.

Aida. Janice Cairns as Aida, Linda Finnie as Amneris, Eduardo Alvares as Radamès. Oct 28, 31, Nov 5.

★**The Mikado.** Eric Idle makes an engaging operetta début as Ko-Ko, with Bonaventura Bottone & Richard Van Allen outstanding as Nanki-Poo & Pooh-Bah, in Jonathan Miller's striking new production. Nov 4, 7, 13, 20, 25.

The Rape of Lucretia. Revival of Graham Vick's production, with Jean Rigby as Lucretia, Russell Smythe as Tarquinius, Richard Van Allan as Collatinus. Nov 6, 14, 19, 22, 26 →

TOP CHOICE CINEMA

The Mission

Directed by Roland Joffé & produced by David Puttnam & Fernando Ghia, this outstanding film deservedly won the Palme d'Or at Cannes this year. Set in 18th-century South America, it is a passionate film with fine performances by Jeremy Irons, Robert de Niro & Ray McNally. Opens Oct 24. REVIEWED OCT, 1986.

OPERA continued

Carmen. New production by David Pountney, with Sally Burgess singing the title role, John Treleven as Don José. Nov 27, 29.

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA

Simon Boccanegra. Malcolm Donnelly sings the title role, with Geoffrey Moses as Fiesco & Marie Slorach as Amelia.

Don Giovanni. Roger Bryson as Leporello, Robert Hayward as Giovanni.

Albert Herring. Oliver Knussen conducts this enjoyable production.

Theatre Royal, Plymouth (0752 669595). Oct 28-Nov 1. Theatre Royal, Norwich (0603 628205). Nov 4-8. Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922). Nov 11-15.

KENT OPERA

Arts Theatre, Cambridge (0223 352000, cc 0223 316421). Oct 28-Nov 1.

The Coronation of Poppea. With Patricia Rozario as Nero & Eirian James as Poppea.

The Marriage of Figaro. Alan Watt as Figaro, Meryl Drower as Susanna, Alan Oke as Almaviva, conducted by Ivan Fischer.

OPERA NORTH

New Theatre, Hull (0482 20463, cc 0482 20464). Nov 4-8.

The Capture of Troy. First part of Berlioz's *Trojans*, produced by Tim Albery, conducted by John Pryce-Jones.

Madam Butterfly. Natalia Rom as Butterfly & Frederick Donaldson as Pinkerton.

The Barber of Seville. Peter Savidge as Figaro, Beverley Mills as Rosina.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

La traviata. Katia Ricciarelli & Lucia Aliberti share the title role, Arthur Davies & Peter Dvorsky share the role of Alfredo, Yuri Masurok sings Germont. Oct 28, 31, Nov 3, 6, 8, 11, 14.

Jenůfa. New production by Yuri Lyubimov, conducted by the new music director designate, Bernard Haitink, sung in Czech with English surtitles. Nov 17, 20, 25, 28.

Die Zauberflöte. Siegfried Jerusalem & Karita Mattila sing Tamino & Pamina for the first time with the Royal Opera. Nov 26, 29.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Carmen. With Emily Golden as Carmen & Gary Bachlund as Don José.

Intermezzo. John Cox's production, conducted by Stephen Barlow.

Iolanthe. In celebration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of W. S. Gilbert.

Empire Theatre, Liverpool (051-709 1555, cc 051-709 8070). Nov 4-8. King's Theatre, Edinburgh (031-229 1201, cc). Nov 11-15.

His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen (0224 641122, cc). Nov 18-22. New Tyne Theatre, Newcastle (091-232 2061). Nov 25-29.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc). Nov 4-15.

Un ballo in maschera. With Josephine Barstow as Amelia & Dennis O'Neill as Gustav III.

The Magic Flute. Geoffrey Dolton & Marie Angel make their company débuts as Papageno & the Queen of the Night.

Lucia di Lammermoor. Suzanne Murphy sings Lucia, with Dennis O'Neill as Edgardo.

★★**The Ring.** SEE REVIEWS P75.

Empire Theatre, Liverpool (051-709 1555, cc 051-709 8070). Nov 18-22.

Lucia, Magic Flute, Ballo.

Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444, cc). Nov 25-Dec 6.

Ballo, Magic Flute, Lucia, The Ring.



Paul Signac's *Tartanes au port, St Tropez*, at Marlborough Fine Art.

BALLET

BALLET HAMBURG

Theatre Royal, Nottingham (0602 472328/9, cc). Nov 4-8.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000). Nov 25-29.

Two programmes, to feature the six new works premièred in London in June, together with Alston's *Dutiful Ducks* & a revival of Bruce's *Night with Waning Moon*.

DANCE UMBRELLA

20 companies & soloists, from Britain, Europe & the US, show their paces in eight London venues &, in associated festivals, several regions including Bristol, Cardiff, Plymouth & Oxford. Until Nov 16.

Details from Dance Umbrella, Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, W6 (741 8354).

LONDON CITY BALLET

Churchill Theatre, Bromley (460 6677).

Giselle. New production by Galina Samsova with designs by Peter Farmer. Nov 3-8.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Three programmes, including world première of work by Siobhan Davies to a commissioned score by Michael Nyman; & London premières of Cohan's *Interrogations*, Bannerman's *Unfolding Field* & Davies's *The Run to Earth*. Nov 18-Dec 6.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351, cc).

Romeo & Juliet. Ashton's small-scale but moving account. Nov 17-22.

Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury (0227 67246 cc).

Coppélia. Ronald Hynd's production of the

popular living-doll ballet. Nov 24-29.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

The Sleeping Beauty. The great classic & all-time favourite. Gelsey Kirkland guests as Aurora on Nov 13, 19. Nov 1, 5, 13, 15 (m & e), 19, 21, 22.

Mayerling. The hunting-lodge tragedy of Crown Prince Rudolf & Mary Vetsera seen through MacMillan's eyes. Nov. 7, 10, 12.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 394844, cc). Nov 10-15.

Apollo, Oxford (0865 244544/5, cc). Nov 17-22.

Congress Theatre, Eastbourne (0323 36363 cc). Nov 24-29.

The Snow Queen. Bintley's visualization of Andersen's story; score Tovey/Mussorgsky.

Swan Lake. Peter Wright's & Galina Samsova's production of the Petipa/Ivanov classic.

SCOTTISH BALLET

Theatre Royal, Hope Street, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

Giselle. Peter Darrell's production with new designs by Peter Cazalet. Nov 4-8.

GALLERIES

DAVID BLACK ORIENTAL CARPETS

96 Portland Rd, W11 (727 2566).

The Tree of Life. A scholarly exhibition from a scholarly dealer in carpets & textiles tracing the history of one of the most powerful symbolic themes in Eastern & Middle Eastern design. The carpets, textiles & embroideries on show here come from Turkey, Persia, Baluchistan, Russia & Egypt. Until Nov 29. *Mon-Sat 11am-6pm.

BLOND FINE ART

22 Princes St, W1 (437 1230).

Neil Jeffries. First one-man exhibition by a promising new sculptor whose brightly painted metal reliefs have narrative interest as well as immediate impact which is both powerful & witty. Until Nov 8.

Gillian Barlow. New York watercolours. Until Nov 8.

Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Place, SW1 (930 4811).

Knitting: A Common Art. The history of this worthy craft from Aran & ganseys to the exuberance of today's designer-knitters. Nov 12-Jan 11, 1987. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1, concessions 60p.

CRAFTS COUNCIL SHOP

V & A, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

David Swift. Swift's wooden figures are full of poetry & humour, among the best objects produced by the contemporary craft scene. It takes a stony heart not to respond. Nov 22-Dec 11. Mon-Thurs 10am-5.40pm, Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm.

DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY

College Rd, SE21 (693 5254).

James Fitton RA (1899-1982). Fitton was one of the first commercial artists to be accepted by the Royal Academy. He fitted in well and only narrowly missed becoming president. His work, while undoubtedly conservative, is marked by an exuberant humour. This should be an enjoyable show. Nov 12-Jan 4, 1987. Tues-Sat 10am-1pm, 2-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 80p, concessions 40p.

ODETTE GILBERT GALLERY

5 Cork St, W1 (437 3175).

Edward Wolfe. In old age Eddie Wolfe was such a charmer & had lived such an astonishing life (working in the Omega Workshop, doing sets for Cochrane's famous reviews, consorting with the likes of Zadkine, Aldous Huxley & Arnold Bennett), that somehow people forgot to look at his work for its own sake. He died in 1982, aged 85, & the paintings are starting to make their own way. While not great, they are craftsmanly & always pleasing to look at. Nov 19-Jan 10, 1987. Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

The Boyle Family. Mark Boyle's life-sized facsimiles of various bits of the earth's surface have now become a family enterprise. Joining in are his wife & three children. The fact that the technique (or gimmick) can be handed down & round in this way calls into question the claim that all this counts as art, Duchamp & his Readymades notwithstanding. Nov 1-Jan 25, 1987. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P11.

Rodin. One or two recent Rodin exhibitions have been of dubious quality. This show, which includes new material from the enormous collections of the Rodin Museum in Paris, should help to put matters right. Much of it—plasters, terracottas, drawings—has never been seen before, giving an intimate glimpse of the greatest 19th-century sculptor. Nov 1-Jan 25, 1987.

£3; concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm.

MARLBOROUGH FINE ART

6 Albemarle St, W1 (629 5161).

Paul Signac (1863-1935). This leading Neo-Impressionist has not been given a major show in this country since the Marlborough

exhibition in 1958. More than 90 watercolours & drawings can be seen here, including early charcoal drawings & works using chalk, ink & crayon. Nov 4-Dec 31. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Dutch Landscape: The Early Years—Haarlem & Amsterdam 1590-1650. Dutch artists were pioneers of natural landscape painting. Prints & drawings show experiments behind the final pictures. Until Nov 23. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Elizabeth II. An exhibition to celebrate the Queen's 60th birthday including the fine realist portrait by Michael Leonard. Nov 14-March 22, 1987. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P11.

Evelyn Waugh In Close-Up, 1903-66. Waugh became a Catholic partly out of the conviction that only God would put up with him. This show re-creates a famously abrasive personality. Until Jan 4, 1987.

Self-Portrait Photography, 1840-1985.

What do photographers make of their own looks? An imaginatively conceived show from the Plymouth Arts Centre which offers a chance to find out. Until Jan 11, 1987.

Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

ANTHONY d'OFFAY

9 & 23 Dering St, W1 (499 4100).

De Kooning: Recent Paintings. De Kooning is the last survivor of the great days of Abstract Expressionism & the grand old man of American art. In some ways he fills this role rather badly—recent paintings have become thinner & thinner. Nov 6-Dec 6. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

PATON GALLERY

2 Langley Court, WC2 (379 7854).

Peter Howson & Jonathan Waller. This gallery has built up a fine stable of young artists & here are two examples. Peter Howson, 28, is one of the new school of "Glasgow Brats". He paints rather like Otto Dix & is obsessed by experiences in the Army. Jonathan Waller, 30, paints grand, classical compositions of industrial decay—the visual equivalent of some of Auden's early poems. Oct 31-Nov 29. Tues-Sat 11am-6pm.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Je suis le cahier: The Sketchbooks of Picasso. Picasso's tumultuous flood of ideas & images revealed more fully than ever before. Until Nov 19. REVIEWED ON P.76.

New Architecture: Foster, Rogers, Stirling. The British are said to be wary of "new" architecture—hardly surprising given such bleak eyesores as the Barbican & National Theatre. This show offers fresh plans. Until Dec 21. FEATURED OCT, 1986.

Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Painting in Scotland: The Golden Age 1707-1843. The Scottish Enlightenment comes to London in this display of more than 200 paintings, including works by Ramsay, Raeburn, Wilkie & Nasmyth. Until Jan 4, 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. £2.50, concessions £1.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

David Smith. Last seen in depth in the memorial exhibition of 20 years ago, which con-

centrated on late work, David Smith returns to England with a show which contains much work from the 1940s & early 1950s. These metamorphic pieces, often with references to landscape, are smaller in scale than the Cubis & Tan-Totems which made Smith internationally famous just before his death in 1965. They also seem better & much subtler. Nov 7-Jan 4, 1987. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm.

MUSEUMS

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Archaeology in Britain: New Views of the past. Achievements of the past 40 years are graphically explained. Lindow Man, the 2,500-year-old "body from the bog", is a major attraction. Until Feb 15, 1987. £1.50, concessions 50p.

The Becket Leaves. J. Paul Getty bought the four surviving leaves from the only known medieval illustrated life of St Thomas Becket for £1.4 million. They are now on show in the British Library.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

GEFFRYE MUSEUM

Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 8368).

Victorian Wallpapers. The exuberance of Victorian design expressed itself nowhere better than on wallpaper. This exhibition, based on the collection of the Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester, includes designs by Morris, Crane & Voysey. Until Dec 31. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

The Best Years of Their Lives: National Service 1945-63. The first exhibition devoted to this theme which is the outcome of a large collection of memorabilia, much emanating from such celebrities as novelist Alan Sillitoe & playwrights Michael Frayn & Arnold Wesker. By general agreement the prize item is an ample pair of shorts once worn by John Biffen MP. Until May 3, 1987.

Das Plakat: The Poster in Germany, 1914-20. *Das Plakat* was a Berlin advertising & design magazine published continuously from 1909 to 1922. During the war years German poster design was perhaps the best in Europe and some of its finest talents were put to government service. The posters that followed the German military collapse in 1918 reflect the new political situation—they are more feverish & evolutionary. Until Jan 11, 1987.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Suggested contribution £1, children 50p.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Capital Gains! Archaeology in London. Review of excavations over the past 15 years showing how archaeology helps the historian. A section called *Everyman's London* includes furniture, cooking utensils, jewelry & dress. Until Feb 1, 1987.

Hello Dolly. A display of 200 dolls from the 18th century to the present day, including Queen Victoria's tiny wooden dolls. Nov 25-April 28, 1987.

Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224).

Madagascar: Island of Ancestors. The British Museum has put together its extensive collections from Madagascar to create a fascinating exhibition. Nov 27-end 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Wildlife Photographer of the Year. An exhibition of entries in this competition. The winner is announced on Nov 27. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Alexander Cozens: Watercolours. William Beckford described Cozens as being "almost as full of systems as the Universe". Among his contemporaries Cozens was chiefly celebrated for his clever exploitation of accidental blots & stains as a means of generating new & unexpected compositions. In this way he married the 18th-century taste for classical landscape to a method which prefigured surrealist exploration of the unconscious mind. Nov 5-Jan 4, 1987.

Eye for Industry: Royal Designers for Industry 1936-1986. A tribute to the work of British designers in the fields of graphic art, fashion, furniture, the environment, products & engineering. Nov 26-Feb 1, 1987.

Fashion Tracks. Clothes by 14 leading British designers for the 1985 Pirelli calendar. Nov 5-Aug 30, 1987.

Masterpieces of Photography 1839-1986. A retrospective showing the evolution of the art of photography. Until Jan, 1987.

Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

LECTURES

ARTS CENTRE

98 High St, Croydon (688 8624).

A. J. A. Symons: His Life & Speculations. Julian Symons talks about his brother "A. J.", the famous dandy & bibliophile of the inter-war years. Nov 4, 8pm. £1.

Strangers in Paradise. John Russell Taylor looks at the lives of Hollywood exiles—the writers, film-makers & musicians who fled from Europe to California in the 1930s. Among them were Thomas Mann, Franz Werfel, Stravinsky & Rachmaninov. Nov 15, 7pm. £1.

The Perfect Englishman in the Mid-day Sun. John Russell Taylor on Alfred Hitchcock in America. Nov 29, 7pm. £1.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Centenary of the British School at Athens. The remaining three lectures in this Wednesday lunchtime series are *Leftkandi: A Dark Age Settlement in Euboea*, Nov 5; *The British at Mycenae*, Nov 12; *100 Years of British Archaeology in Macedonia*, Nov 19. All at 1.15pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL

12 Waterloo Place, SW1 (930 4811).

Knitting: A Common Art. Two lunchtime lectures to coincide with the knitting exhibition (see Galleries). In *Knitting Ordinary & Extraordinary* Jane Freeman considers the social & economic history of the craft. Nov 20, 1pm. Sue Black, a knitwear designer, looks at *Knitting Now*. Nov 27, 1pm. Book tickets from the Education Department; £1, concessions 50p.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Industry in the Capital City. The series continues with *Voices From the Past—Recordings of Industrial Workers*, Nov 5; *The Office: A Forgotten Industry?* Nov 12; *The Aircraft Industry in London*, Nov 19; *Ford*

cars of Dagenham, Nov 26. All at 1.10pm.

Historic London Docklands. Day school with a lecturing team from the Museum in Docklands project. Nov 15. Tickets £4, concessions £2, in advance from the Education Officer. Send sae.

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033).

Forum on Orton. John Lahr chairs a discussion on Joe Orton whose diaries, edited by Lahr, are published by Methuen this month. Lyttelton, Nov 17, 6pm, £2.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Lunchtime lectures to coincide with the New Architecture exhibition. *Buildings for Business, The Evolution of Office Architecture* by Robert Thorne, Nov 4; *Approaches to the New Museum* by Colin Amery, Nov 11; *The Urban Aesthetic* by Deyan Sudjic, Nov 18; *Post Modernism*, Nov 25. All at 1pm.

Evening lectures on architecture by F. Lloyd Roche, Nov 6; Peter Rice, Nov 13; Richard Saxon, Nov 20. All at 6.15pm. £1.50, students £1.

Architects' Forum. The public are invited to discuss New Architecture with Foster, Rogers, Stirling & the exhibition's organizers. Nov 24, 6.15pm. Tickets £6, concessions £4 from RA; includes private view.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

8 John Adam St, WC2 (930 5115).

The Reality of Environmental Policy by Dr Martin Holdgate, chief scientist at the Department of the Environment. Nov 19, 6pm.

The British Gas Industry: Engineering Is Our Business. James McHugh, a managing director of the British Gas Corporation, on an explosive subject. Nov 26, 6pm. Tickets free from Carole Singleton: order by telephone.

SOUTH BANK POLYTECHNIC

Wandsworth Rd, SW8. Information, 928 8989.

Know Your Building. A Building Centre course aimed at people who have little experience with property. It covers buying a house, building extensions & small developments. Illustrated talks will be given by a builder, an architect, a surveyor & a solicitor. Nov 15, 9.30am-5pm. £50.

SALEROOMS

Prices quoted are saleroom estimates.

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Modern Pictures. Contemporary works include two pictures by Tony Pilbro: a triptych of the Crucifixion in Expressionist style (£3,500-£5,500), & *Pandora's Box*, showing a stripper with leering men about her (£1,500-£2,500). Nov 13, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

Important English Pictures. The most important Constable to come on the market for many years, *Flatford Lock & Mill*, should fetch in excess of £1 million. Nov 21, 11am. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

Continental Watercolours & Drawings.

The 19th-century artist Amadeo, Count Preziosi, is represented here with watercolours & a leather-bound volume of 31 costume studies (£25,000-£35,000). Nov 27, 11am.

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85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).

Topographical Pictures. Watercolours, ➡➡

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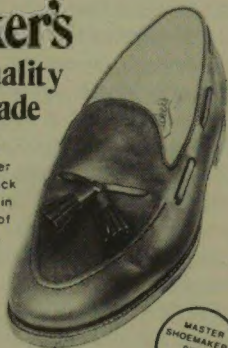
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SALEROOMS cont.

drawings & prints of America, Canada, Africa, Asia & Australia, plus some sculpture. The highlight is a late 18th-century painting of the linen market in Santo Domingo by Augustin Brunaïs (£35,000-£45,000). Nov 20, 5pm.

Crystal Palace commemorative sale 50 years after the fire which destroyed the building. On offer here is a lithograph of the building in Hyde Park where it originally stood before being moved to Sydenham. Nov 26, 6pm.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

English Watercolours & Drawings. Particularly rare are four paintings of Italian scenes, one in oil, by Thomas Jones. There is a picture of the Great Wall of China by William Simpson (£5,000-£8,000) & a humorous view of Merton College by Thomas Rowlandson (£5,000-£8,000). Nov 3, 11am.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Modern British Paintings, Drawings & Sculpture. Good works by Sir Alfred Munnings include *H.R.H. The Prince of Wales on Horseback* (£100,000-£150,000). Sir John Lavery is well represented with such paintings as *Summer Evening on the Thames*, 1921, & *North Berwick Golf Course*, 1922. Other good works by Newlyn artists. Nov 12, 11am.

Decorative Arts, including Arts & Crafts, Art Nouveau, Art Deco. Exceptional pieces in the furniture section are an inlaid mahogany table, 1896, by W. R. Letherby (£5,000-£8,000), a sideboard by Charles Rennie Mackintosh c1917 (£5,000-£8,000), & Bugatti pieces. A William Morris carpet in Holland Park design is expected to fetch £30,000. Other lots include Liberty silver, glass, jewelry, Martinware birds & studio ceramics. Nov 20, 21, 11am.

SOTHEBY'S HONG KONG

Chinese Works of Art from two major Far Eastern collections. One is the private collection of Mr T. Y. Chao, Chairman of Wah Kwong Shipping, the other is owned by a member of the T. Y. Chao family trust. Many rare objects include the only known Ming blue & white moon flask (£250,000-£350,000). The two collections are expected to total more than £7 million. Nov 18 & May, 1987.

SOTHEBY'S NEW YORK

Gaines Collection of 47 Old Master & modern drawings. A little-known picture by Leonardo da Vinci, *Child With Lamb*, is one of

only two of the artist's drawings known to be in private hands. There are works by Raphael, Rembrandt, Canaletto, Ingres, Dautier, Degas, Van Gogh & Matisse; total estimate in excess of \$13 million. Nov 17.

SPORT

ATHLETICS

IAAF World 15km Road Race Championship, Lisbon, Portugal. Nov 9.

McVitie's Challenge Cross-Country International, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear. Nov 22.

FOOTBALL

England v Yugoslavia, Wembley Stadium, Middx. Nov 12.

GYMNASTICS

Mirror British Championships, Alexandra Pavilion, N22. Nov 1, 2.

Rhythmic Gymnastics International, Wembley Conference Centre, Middx. Nov 22.

HORSE RACING

Mackeson Gold Cup, Cheltenham. Nov 8.

Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup, Newbury, Nov 22.

ICE SKATING

British Ice Dance Championships, Nottingham. Nov 15.

British Figure Championships, Solihull, W Midlands. Nov 24-26.

MOTOR SPORT

London to Brighton Veteran Car Run, start Hyde Park, W1, 8am, finish Marine Drive, Brighton. Nov 2.

Lombard RAC Rally, start & finish Bath. Nov 16-20.

NETBALL

England v Australia, Wembley Arena. Nov 29.

SQUASH

World Open, Toulouse, France. Nov 7-11.

InterCity National Championships, Bristol. Nov 21-27.

SWIMMING

Yorkshire Bank International, Great Britain v USA Open Meet, Dolphin Centre, Darlington, Durham. Oct 31-Nov 2.

TENNIS

Benson & Hedges Championships Wembley Arena. Nov 11-16. SEE HIGHLIGHTS p10.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

BOOK NOW

English National Opera, London Coliseum. Telephone booking opens on Nov 3 (836 3161, cc 240 5258). *The Rape of Lucretia* (Nov 26, Dec 4). *Carmen* (from Nov 27). *Die Fledermaus* (from Dec 8). *The Diary of One Who Disappeared* (from Dec 19). *The Queen of Spades* (from Jan 8). Also booking spring performances of *The Mikado* (from Feb 19).

The Grand National, Aintree, April 4, 1987. Write for details of the meeting (April 2-4) & prices for enclosures, to the Secretary, The Racecourse, Aintree, Liverpool L9 5AS.

International Boat Show, Earls Court, Jan 7-18, 1987. Tickets Jan 7-9 £7 adults, children under 14 £3.50, Jan 10-18 £3.50 & £1.75. Cheques should be made payable

to National Boatshows Ltd, & sent to the National Boat Show, Boating Industry House, Vale Rd, Oatlands, Weybridge, Surrey.

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (240 1066, 240 1911 cc). Telephone booking from Nov 4 for *Die Zauberflöte* (from Nov 26). *Samson* (from Dec 8). *Lucia di Lammermoor* (from Dec 23). **Royal Ballet:** *Young Apollo*, *New Eagling ballet*, *Le Baiser de la fée* (from Dec 2). *The Nutcracker* (from Dec 13).

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (278 8916 cc). Telephone booking from Oct 28 for the 40th anniversary season, Dec 30-Jan 17, 1987. Programme includes *The Snow Queen*, *Coppélia*, *Solitaire* & *Pineapple Poll*.

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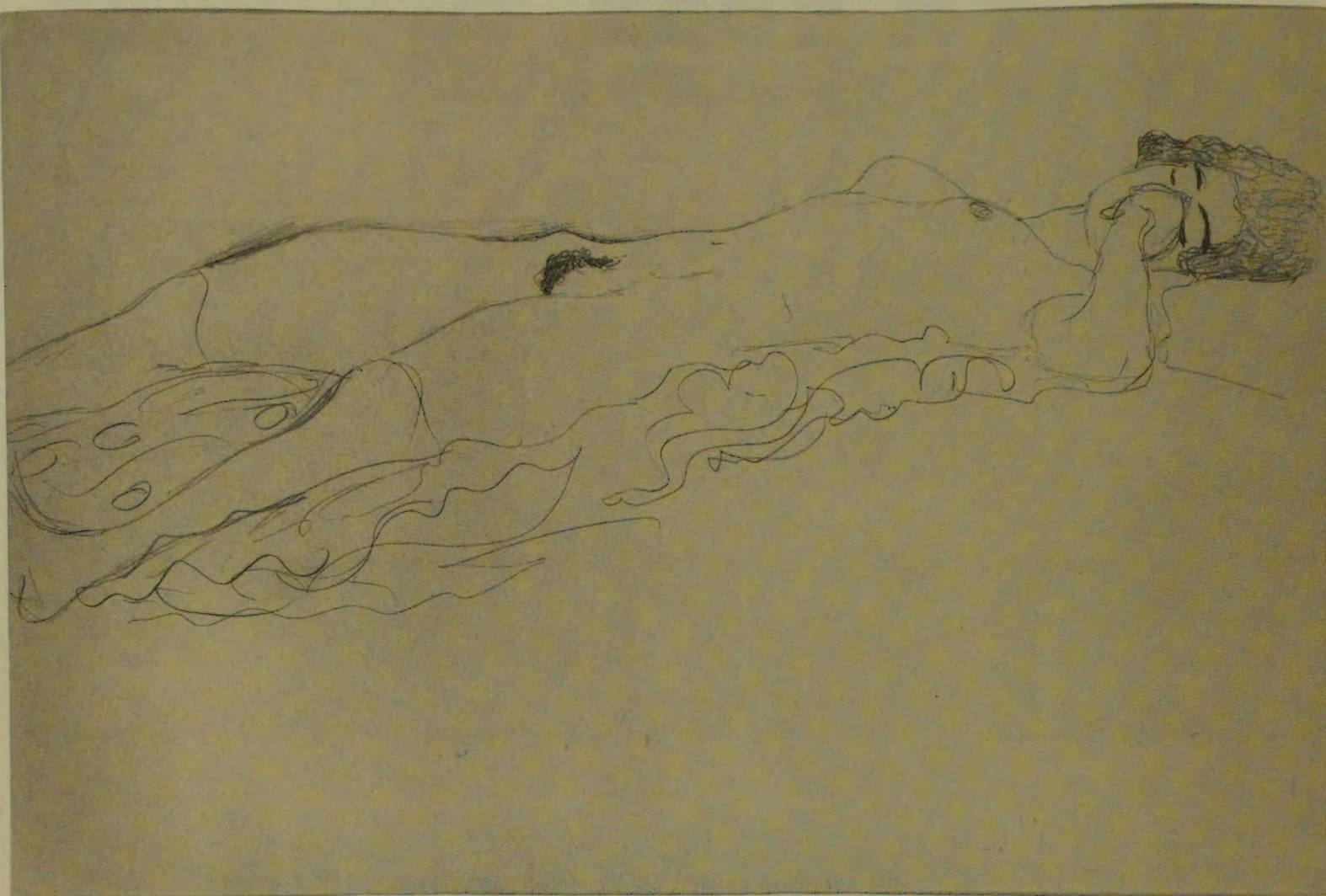
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